



# THE CRAFTSMAN



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## A NEW CIVILIZATION—WHAT NEW ZEALAND HAS ACCOMPLISHED BY HER EXPERIMENTS IN SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC LEGISLATION: BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY



EW ZEALAND is the only country on the face of the earth that has made government spell humanity. And, farther, it has made that humanity pay, not only in the welfare of its people, but in dollars and cents. The New Zealanders have revolutionized that conception of the purposes and functions of government which holds all over the rest of the world. For them it is no longer merely tax-gatherer and policeman, but a combination of father, elder brother and friend. They are working out for themselves a new sort of civilization, the ideal of which is not the accumulation of wealth and power, but the welfare of the individual units of the community. Away from home the government of the island colony is generally supposed to be distinctly state socialistic in aims and tendency and the socialistic party, which has been fighting so hard for such slight results in the European countries, is thought to have accomplished more and come nearer to realizing its ideal in New Zealand than among any other people. It is true that some of the legislation, especially that intended to better the conditions of life for the workers, is in line with the policy of the socialist parties in France, Germany and elsewhere. Some measures, such as the old-age pension law and the superannuation of teachers, are socialistic in principle. These and the various commercial activities in which the government takes part, combine in making New Zealand a nearer approximation to the state socialistic ideal than has been attained in any other nation. Nevertheless, paradoxical though it may seem, the government is not socialistic in either its intentions or its theory, and in some of its principles it is so distinctly opposed to the principles of collectivism that it can not be called a socialistic govern-

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ment by any one who cares about the accurate use of words. In commercial affairs it believes in and preserves the principle of competition and in its own commercial enterprises it seeks not monopoly but competition with private enterprise. Its intention is that these ventures shall be a source of income for the state. As a matter of fact, nearly all of them do pay a moderate profit. These two distinctions make it impossible for New Zealand to be called a socialist state or its government to be classed as socialistic. It exemplifies, rather, an extreme form of paternalism, or, perhaps fraternalism would be the more accurate designation. Its aim is to cut the claws and draw the teeth of competition, and it hopes, by this means of government competition, to strip present commercial methods of their greed and cruelty and yet to preserve in them the invigorating spirit of individual enterprise. The experiment is most interesting and its progress well worth watching. But it should not be confounded with state socialism.

**W**HEN I visited New Zealand a few months ago I found it to be a rich and thriving young country whose development has only just begun and whose wealth is likely to increase with great rapidity, for its resources are many and varied. Abounding prosperity is evident all through the islands. In proportion to its population New Zealand is the richest country in the world, for its national wealth is almost \$1,500 per capita. But that fact, taken by itself, counts for little in the general happiness of a people. The United Kingdom, along with armies of unemployed, appalling poverty and an utterly hopeless slum problem, has a per capita wealth of only thirty dollars less than New Zealand. But per capita wealth takes on a new significance when one learns that in the island colony there is neither poverty nor great accumulations of money. The people will tell you proudly that they have neither beggars nor millionaires. It is true that they have no beggars, and it is also a most unusual thing, in city, town or country, to see either man, woman or child who is not comfortably clad. It is also true that they have no millionaires, if wealth is counted, as they measure it, in pounds sterling. But if it is measured by dollars there are a few men in New Zealand, possibly a half-dozen, whose individual wealth would perhaps reach the million-dollar mark. But such would hardly be called rich in the United States or the United Kingdom, and in New Zealand, although they

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are the wealthiest men in the colony, they are neither idle nor parasitic.

The opponents of Premier Seddon's government—and they are many and bitter—will not admit that the prosperity of the colony is due in any wise to the legislation for which the Seddon government is responsible. They will tell you, with patriotic pride, of the rapid strides in material prosperity that their country is making, of the millions of dollars that the wool clip is worth every year, that the frozen meat export returns, that the dairy products and the flax industry pour into their pockets. "But," they will add, "we would have had all this just the same, even if we had never heard of Dick Seddon." And they will explain in detail, and to their own complete conviction, that it was the long Australian drought, the Boer war and the use of cold storage in ships that opened new markets for them and brought about their present remarkable prosperity. Doubtless these contributing causes have had much to do with the rapid growth of their industrial and commercial development. But, without those measures by which the liberal government has put men on the land and increased its productiveness manifold, the colony would have had no exports to pour into these new markets. And without that social and economic legislation by which the government aims to control the distribution of wealth this new stream of riches would have flowed in the same course that wealth has invariably taken elsewhere. I saw no reason to doubt and everything to convince me that without that legislation the island colony would now have many beggars and many millionaires, that she would be poring over a poverty problem and a criminal problem, that she would be equipped with cities and with slums, and fitted in every way to take her place in line with all the other civilized countries of both the old world and the new.

**N**EW ZEALAND is a young country. It is only a hundred years since the first adventurous traders sought her shores, and it was not until a dozen years later that the first brave missionary landed with corn and wheat and gospel tidings. Sixty years ago three or four scattered handfuls of colonists were fighting for their homes and lives with the warlike Maori natives. Obviously, being thus young and having hardly more than tapped her rich and varied resources, her experiments in legislation have been more easily carried out than they would have been in an older, richer and more developed

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country where vested interests would have made a stronger opposition. But even so, New Zealand did not begin at the beginning when she started out to blaze the way for a new sort of civilization.

She had an atrociously bad land system which had already brought upon her, small and young though she was, some of the worst evils of big estates and absentee landlordism. In 1890 nearly four-fifths of the land that was owned by the white people was in the form of huge estates held either by companies, mostly non-resident, or by single owners. Most of this land had been bought for almost nothing, and the wealth that it produced flowed in a constant stream out of the islands to the pockets of the owners in the home country. It was the old story of sheep against man. For comparatively little of the land in these big estates was cultivated, most of it being given over to sheep-grazing. There was also about the most vicious voting system that the mind of man, groping after free institutions, ever conceived. In the cities many voters were entitled to four or five or more votes each, according to the amount of their property, while in the country it was not unusual for one man to be able to cast as many as forty ballots. It is not surprising that previous to 1890 New Zealand had never had but two liberal ministries, and these of short duration. The island colony began to have a poverty problem early in her history. In the later eighties the streets of the cities were filled with idle men, thousands of them, begging for work, while their families were housed and fed in public soup-kitchens and shelter-sheds. Able-bodied men were leaving the islands by the shipload. During five years twenty thousand people left the country who would have been glad to stay in it if industrial conditions had been such that they could have found work or made homes. It is a long way economically from such a state of affairs to that which exists at present, with poverty abolished, virtually no unemployed, wages good, the standard of living high, industrial peace assured, industries thriving, all classes prosperous, contented and orderly. To have bridged it in half a generation is little less than marvelous.

**T**HE liberal government that came into power in 1890, with John Ballance as premier, recognized that, in the final analysis, the prosperity of a country must depend on what it digs out of the ground. It set itself at once to get the people on the land and to help



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them to make it as productive as possible. It has paid constant attention to the task—almost irreverent from the standpoint of the time-honored tenets of political economy—of controlling the distribution of wealth. A series of measures by which the government has entered into competition with private enterprise aims to curb commercial greed. And, finally, another series is the outgrowth largely, and some of the measures entirely, of humanitarian sentiment.

"The land for the people" has been the motto of the liberal government during all its fifteen years of life, and the principal aim of all its land legislation has been to make it easy for the poor to strike deep root into the soil. The men of the early nineties made a bitter fight in parliament to secure the perpetual lease on a thirty-year term as the only tenure for crown lands. The minister of lands, John McKenzie, as a boy in the Highlands of Scotland, had seen all the hardships and cruelties of eviction for non-payment of rent, and he fought for a land system in which there should be no freehold, with a grim determination and an intensity of conviction that make the reports of the parliamentary battles of those times a thrilling story, even to this day. But he had to compromise finally on a nine hundred and ninety-nine year lease, with no revaluation, at a four per cent. rental on the unimproved value of the land leasehold, with the right of purchase and a freehold tenure. The area of land that one person may buy or lease from the crown is limited. For some years the lease in perpetuity was the favorite tenure, but lately sentiment has been changing in favor of the freehold, and it is very likely that before long the government will have to grant the right of purchase to all crown tenants. That will, of course, open the door for the aggregation of large estates. But Premier Seddon purposed to shut that door and lock it by passing, probably at the present session of parliament, a bill limiting the area of land that one person may acquire or hold in any way. Existing titles will not be disturbed, but no man will be able to acquire, by lease, purchase or inheritance, more than a specified area of land, the amount varying with the grade. An important part of the land policy of the New Zealand government has been the breaking up of the big estates which were sucking the life-blood of the colony. It can compel the owner of wide-spreading acres to sell to the government, whether he wants to or not, and the property may be divided into small farms and village settlements and leased to

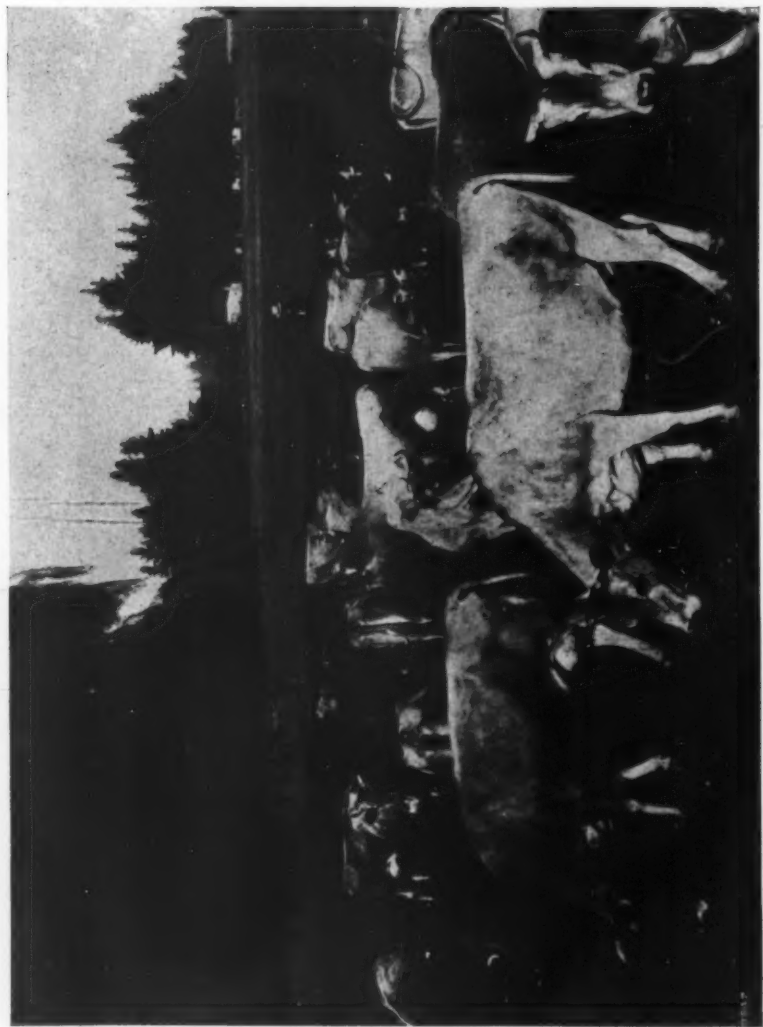
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settlers. The first of these tracts to be resumed was the Cheviot estate, a block of land twelve miles square, whose sole human occupants were the owner and his family and their employees, in all some eighty persons. Ten years later one thousand five hundred people were living upon it, its productivity had increased fourteenfold and the rents were paying the government a profit of two per cent. upon the investment. The graduated land tax, which will be referred to later, is also an effective means in the breaking up of the big estates and in the preventing of the formation of new ones.

Having made it easy, by means of the leasehold tenure at a low rental, for the poor man to get on the land without a large expenditure of money, the government inaugurated the policy of loaning him, at a low rate of interest, the money he would need to get started. The labor department of the government of New Zealand is unique in its methods of dealing with the unemployed. The free-labor bureaus of the United States are merely palliative in their aims and efforts, the labor hospices and employment bureaus of Germany and Switzerland, the farm colonies of England, the employment bureaus of Australia, are simply forms of charitable relief, a less obvious way of giving alms, and therefore pauperizing in their tendency. But the New Zealand labor department has been constructive in all its efforts and achievements. It is animated in all it does by that spirit of humanity, of brotherly kindness, which is a distinctive feature in all government administration in this colony. It was started soon after the political overturn of 1890, primarily with the intention of dealing with the problem of the unemployed. It finds employment either upon the public works—and the numerous government activities provide always a large and normal demand for labor—or with private employers. But its most important constructive work has been in getting the unemployed upon the land. "If I sent a man away up into the back blocks to help make a road," said Mr. Tregear, the secretary of the department, with a shrewd twinkle of the eye, "I knew he'd soon get lonely and want his wife and family. As soon as his wages would warrant it we'd send them along, and then I knew I had him fixed. For they couldn't get away again. He would soon discover how easy it was to get some land on lease from the government and a loan from the government to help him improve it, and before long, just as I expected and planned, he would be a settler." Mr. Tregear estimates that at



"A BEAUTIFUL, GOOD LAND TO LOOK UPON" IS AN OLD  
SEA CAPTAIN'S VERDICT OF NEW ZEALAND

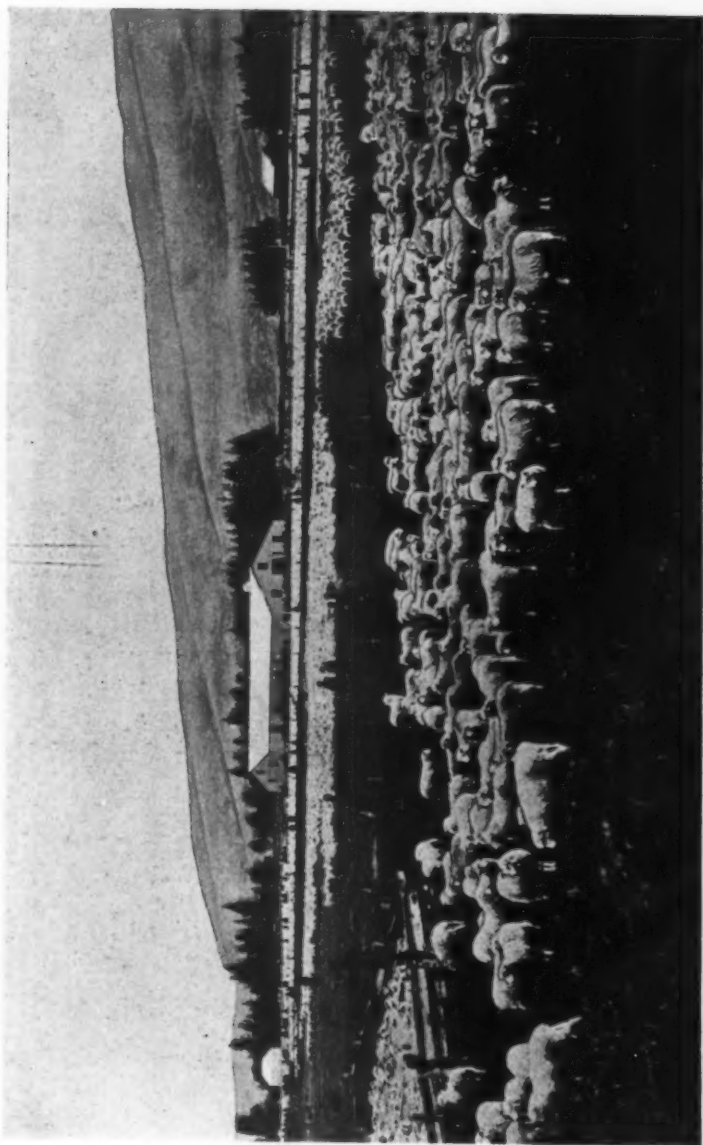


BUTTER BEARING THE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT STAMP  
BRINGS THE HIGHEST PRICE IN THE LONDON MARKET





DAIRY WORK IN NEW ZEALAND IS DONE ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES—AT THE EXPERIMENTAL FARMS THE COWS ARE MILKED BY MACHINERY



NEW ZEALAND'S WEALTH IS FROM THE FARMER,  
NOT THE MANUFACTURER

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least ten thousand of the men for whom he has found work, who otherwise would have stayed in the wage class, have become farmers and are now the prosperous, happy and contented owners of their homes. "At first, while poverty was so dire," said Mr. Tregear, "the government gave the men their railway fare. But I did not like that plan. So I soon began saying to them, 'If you have not got money for your fare you can borrow it from the government, just as you would from a brother. But you must pay it back as soon as you can, just as you would expect to return it to your brother.'" The losses from these advanced fares are very slight. There is now no problem of the unemployed in New Zealand, for there is plenty of work for all. Last fall the government wanted five hundred more laborers than it could find.

THE government is the most lenient of landlords. Having got the men upon the soil and loaned the money, if they needed it, for making improvements or, in the case of many already there, for paying off mortgages whose high rates of interest were grinding them into poverty and discouragement, the government treats them with the kindness and concern of a father who has started his sons in life. If a man has sickness or misfortune and can not meet his payments of rent or interest or the instalments of principal, the government waits for its dues until he gets on his feet again. But it has suffered no losses by this policy. If a man takes up a farm away in the back districts, where there are no schools, the government does not insist upon the condition of residence, but allows him to live where he can send his children to school. In sparsely settled regions, where a physician would not have enough practice to give him a living, it pays a salary to a physician, in order that the farmers may not be without the possibility of medical attention. The government concerns itself much with helping to open and improve markets for farm products and with aiding the farmers and dairymen to better the quality of their products. To this end all such produce—butter, cheese, poultry, meat, flax—must be inspected and graded by government experts before it is exported. And this inspection is thorough and conscientious. I went through a large building in Wellington where butter is graded and kept in cold storage for shipment to London. From threshold to roof it was as clean and sweet-smelling as any model farm-wife's milk-cellar. The system has paid the colony well,

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for in the London market butter bearing the government stamp is excelled in price only by the Danish product. Dairy inspectors travel through the country, and report on the condition of the dairies, giving the owners instruction and advice. Dairy schools are instituted whenever asked for in a dairying community. The government favors the co-operative dairies—about half are of this class—by remitting income taxation and giving them encouragement in many ways. It imports blooded horses, cattle and sheep for stud purposes and hires them to farmers at a low cost. It inspects dairy herds, kills diseased cattle and recompenses the owners. It acts as commission agent for farmers who desire that service in the sale of their products. It subsidizes steamship lines in order to give the colonists the advantage of refrigerated ships in the marketing of their butter and cheese and meat.

No other nation has gone to work so systematically as has New Zealand to get the people upon the land and help them to give it a high degree of productiveness. Of old-world countries France has done most to help her people to strike root in the soil, and has reaped the benefit in her thrifty peasant population. But even in France three-fourths of the land is owned by considerably less than one-fifth of the land-owners. The French people are beginning to understand that a widely distributed ownership and a thorough cultivation of the soil must be at the basis of a nation's prosperity and the movement to buy up a great number of small farms and distribute them among indigent families is a step in that direction. But it is a something that is to be given by the state, while in New Zealand the state does not give. Its assistance is temporary, so that the man who is down may get on his feet, and then with self-respecting independence, pay back the help he has had. The land policy of the United States comes near to that of New Zealand in its final aim—of making a prosperous agricultural population—although differing widely in method. But we have tossed our public domain to any who wanted it with a recklessness whose cost we have yet to pay.

**B**UT it is in the series of laws by which New Zealand attempts to curb commercial greed, to regulate competition and to control the distribution of wealth that this little speck of land in the south seas has made the most striking departures from those laws



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of political economy which heretofore have been supposed to share somewhat in that divinity which doth hedge a king. In its financial and commercial activities the government aims merely to act as a brake upon the ordinary, unregenerate greed of commercial methods. It aims to prevent the formation of monopolies, the piling up of big fortunes, the commercial squeezing, by those who have the power, of those who can not help themselves. It expects each of its enterprises to defray its own expenses and to return a small profit. New Zealand's start in the policy of public ownership, however—in the railway system—had not that inspiration. It was merely a matter of economic necessity. The movement toward government ownership of railways in Europe, except in Switzerland, has been mainly the result of a marked centralizing tendency of government. In Switzerland it was the commonsense of the people, who recognized the economic advantages of the change, that brought about public ownership. New Zealand had to have railways, and only the state had or could get the money necessary for building them. By 1870—some years earlier than the European experiments in government ownership, a national railway system, owned and operated by the state, was in operation. But there has always been some private competition. At present there are two short lines, measuring together one hundred and thirteen miles, that are privately owned.

The New Zealand conception of a railway system is that it should not be a money-making enterprise, and that it should be not merely a common carrier, but an instrument with which to advance the general welfare and happiness. But it must pay for itself. The minister of railways, Sir Joseph Ward, told me that if they wished they could make their railway system yield a big profit. Instead, when profits rise they cut down passenger and freight rates or raise the wages and salaries of employees. The system returns a net profit of three and three-tenths per cent. upon the capital invested. The railway system of Germany yields a profit of six per cent. But the German idea of a railroad is that it is a means of conveyance for the better classes, in certain portions of which the lower classes may be allowed to ride. There are two classes of carriages in New Zealand, but very slight difference in the comfort and convenience of passengers and none whatever in their treatment. There are special and low rates for workingmen going to and from their work, extremely low rates for

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school children, and excursion rates of about four miles for a cent for factories and schools. On these school excursions city children are taken into the country and shown the industries and pleasures of farms, sheep-runs, orchards and dairies, and country children are taken into cities, received by school committees and shown over factories, museums, art galleries, ships, newspaper offices. The minister of railways figures that these excursions are a loss to the department, but he considers them a wise expenditure, because, from an educational point of view, they result in great benefit to the community. This view of a railway system as an instrument to be used for the intellectual elevation and enlightenment of the public is, I believe, peculiar to New Zealand. In essence it is socialistic, although the recipients preserve their self-respect by paying a portion of the cost. But it is no more socialistic than is the custom of passes among our own roads. During the summer season—vacation time for thousands of clerks and employees of all kinds and grades—passenger rates are cut in half. But so much does this increase the volume of travel that the department does not lose by the reduction. If a sudden calamity befalls some portion of the country the services of the railroad are given to the sufferers either free or at much reduced rates. But in general the policy of the department is that those who use the railroad must pay the cost of the service. When it does occasionally grant a favor, either in freight or passenger traffic, it is not to the rich and prosperous, but to those whose need is great and whose favoring will mean in the end a public benefit. The most objectionable thing that I saw in the railway affairs of New Zealand was the temper of the people in the matter of public expenditure for the construction of new lines. The government keeps several lines in course of construction, and builds a little here and a little there, making the railroad development much slower than if it were carried on by private enterprise. The minister of railways does not think it is a wise plan, and would much prefer to throw all his effort upon one line, finish it, and then go to another. But there is such a general clamor for an even distribution of the public money that he can not make use of this much more efficient and business-like policy. But every phase of human endeavor breeds its own evils, and this is probably no worse than those which result from private ownership.

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GOVERNMENT insurance in New Zealand has little in common, in either genesis, methods or results, with the several schemes of state insurance in force in European countries. Austria's plan of compulsory insurance against accident and sickness is an effort of the state to defend itself against the burdens of pauperism. Its aim is to compel laboring men to make provision for the rainy day and so to keep them from dependency. Belgium's state life insurance is a cross between a similar idea and an attempt to give theoretical socialism a practical expression. It does such a small business that the experiment can hardly be called successful. Germany's huge system of workmen's insurance against sickness, injury, and old age is essentially socialistic, and had its origin in the necessity of giving something to the strong socialist party. The New Zealand scheme of state insurance grew out of the failure of two British insurance companies in which many New Zealanders were insured, and had its origin partly in the difficulty of obtaining capital for private enterprise but largely in the general feeling that the state would furnish a more stable and trustworthy basis. Like the state railroads it was an economic necessity. The department, which has been in operation for thirty-five years, has been entirely successful. It gets nearly half of the life insurance business of the colony, and its proportion of new business constantly gains upon that of its competitors. It is run as a mutual company entirely as a business enterprise. It does not attempt to do brilliant things in financiering, to accumulate large reserves and make big profits. It pays all its own expenses, including land tax and income tax, and, after the actuaries are satisfied as to its reserves, it pays the remaining profits, amounting now to about \$350,000 per year, in triennial bonuses to its policy-holders. Life insurance is compulsory upon all members of the civil service, but they can choose whatever company they like. An accident insurance branch was established a few years ago. In response to a very general demand a fire insurance department was started in 1905. Government life insurance had kept down rates, and people thought that a fire insurance scheme would do a similar service. The office opened its doors with an all-round reduction of ten per cent. in rates. The private companies met this cut and made a still farther reduction of thirty-three per cent. in the rates on private dwellings and similar risks. The government office very willingly followed suit, knowing that this was simply so much taken from the profits of the private companies and left in the pockets

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of the people—the very reason for its existence. The department has had a stormy infancy, for the private companies have fought it by refusing to share or to reinsure its risks, but Lloyd's finally consented to underwrite its insurance. Nevertheless, the first year of fire insurance was very successful. The office did a good business and saved to insurers the sum of three-quarters of a million dollars.

The New Zealand government went into the business of loaning money a dozen years ago, partly for the purpose of making it possible to get poor men on the land and partly for the purpose of bringing down and controlling rates of interest. The experiment was as successful in the latter respect as in the former. Interest suddenly came tumbling from six, eight, and sometimes twelve per cent., to the rates established by the government—five per cent., reducible by prompt payment to four and a half. It is estimated that this government venture in competition has saved to mortgagors in the colony some \$40,000,000, besides large amounts in fees and commissions. There is no doubt that it has been an effective factor in the government's attempt to control the distribution of wealth. The latest year-book of the colony is authority for the statement that "there have been no losses on advances since the inception of the office, nor are there any securities on its hands, and there are practically no arrears."

In 1894 the bank of New Zealand, by reason of mismanagement, was on the verge of ruin. The government came to its rescue, bought a majority of its shares and assumed its management. Its business is conducted in competition with numerous private banks, colonial and Australian. It has prospered remarkably under government control, its shares having doubled in value and its net profits having risen steadily each year. The dividend paid to shareholders last year was five per cent. New Zealand introduced the Postal Savings Bank system many years ago, and since her era of prosperity set in it has been an important factor in the welfare of the common people. During the last ten years the number of depositors and the amount deposited has more than doubled. At the close of 1904 the amount on deposit was \$40,000,000, all of it the savings of the people. The plan is much the same as that in use in European countries. It will not be amiss to remark in passing that the United States is the only civilized country which has declined to adopt the system.

*(To be Concluded)*





SIR JOSEPH WARD,  
THE NEW PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND



KONSUL OSCAR EKMAN, FOREMOST WORKER  
FOR SWEDISH SOCIAL BETTERMENT

## HOW SWEDEN SELECTS AND ADAPTS TO HER OWN NEEDS THE RESULTS OF WORLD-WIDE SOCIAL EXPERIMENT: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON



SWEDEN is the most truly progressive country of the old world, developing at the same time the artistic, educational, social and industrial life of her people, among whom there is relatively greater interest in social service than is found in other European countries. It has been well said that Sweden, although isolated, is not insular. Her very remoteness enables her to perceive foreign institutions in the true perspective, showing clearly the good and bad, and so making it not difficult to choose the desirable and reject the unsuitable. She has had the wisdom to sift out the best features of social experiments in other countries and has adapted them, with modifications sometimes, to her own needs and institutions. This discrimination, by placing the proper estimate upon various kinds of social work, has resulted in methods wisely chosen.

The Swedes, the "Frenchmen of the North," as they are called, possess a composite character embracing the sincerity of the English, the urbanity of the French, the worth of the Germans, the artistic sense of the Italians and the adaptability of the Americans, added to certain racial traits and characteristics which they have preserved to an extraordinary degree, namely, an indescribable charm of manner, broad-mindedness, hospitality and generosity. Moreover, the country and people are clean and good to look upon. The men are tall, well proportioned and handsome, the women intelligent and vivacious. Compared with dirty London and some continental cities, Stockholm has the appearance of a city freshly scrubbed from end to end.

The useful and the beautiful go hand in hand in Sweden, every thing bears the stamp of the artistic. The Central Public Bath in Stockholm is in a park; the interior is decorated in green, the right shade of lavender and white; the little dressing-rooms are daintily furnished; the swimming pools bordered with palms and growing plants, with a little island of them in the center, and on the top floor are two large halls for indoor tennis, dances, or other public amusements. One of the most artistic places in the city is a tiny restaurant in a department store. In appearance it is like a miniature French *salon*,

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with deep cream walls, white woodwork and green and white muslin curtains. The table-linen and silver are such as would be found in an American high-class hotel; the thin china, green and white, shows a design of long-stemmed, graceful violets; the delicious, ridiculously inexpensive food is served by neat, well-gowned, good-looking maids. There is a bank unexcelled for beauty, even though its very excuse for being is connected with life's material affairs—money-getting, barter and trade. The white marble interior is impressive in its simplicity; the crystal chandeliers scintillate prismatic brilliancy from hundreds of electric lights; gates and doors of massive bronze and mahogany woodwork give richness and harmony to the whole.

Home life is characterized by simple elegance, comfort and lack of ostentation. Utility is never sacrificed to beauty, but is made another channel for its expression; even so inartistic a thing as a heating stove becomes as attractive as it is necessary. Made of glazed tiles reaching almost to the ceiling, and having small brass doors always highly polished, the Swedish stove is a decorative piece of furniture, instead of the ugly abomination a stove is so apt to be.

Sweden has her artists of national and international fame—Prince Eugene, Von Rosen, Kronberg, Cederström, and Hasselberg, the sculptor, all of whom must be passed over with the barest mention where there is so much to tell of social Sweden.

**S**O LONG ago as 1837 influential people in Stockholm interested themselves in social work. The leading spirit in the first association for social betterment was Konsul Oscar Ekman, who organized the Society for Temperance and Education. Konsul Ekman has lived to see the results of his work, and to-day at the ripe old age of ninety-four years has the satisfaction of witnessing much good which has been accomplished through the association he founded sixty-nine years ago.

At that time Sweden had the unhappy distinction of being an exceedingly intemperate and immoral country. Preventive measures were imperative. The Society for Temperance and Education, together with other associations and individuals, finally evolved the best system for the regulation of the liquor traffic which has yet been tried. This is called the Gothenburg system, because the plan was first tried in that city.



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The Gothenburg system is state ownership and control of liquor. The saloons are practically restaurants, decently furnished and managed, where no intoxicating liquors are advertised and only one tiny glass sold with a meal, none at all without it. Tea, coffee, food and soft drinks may be advertised, and the proprietor receives a profit upon them only, all profits from the sale of liquor going to support public utilities and toward the reduction of taxes.

The society's work for education has been no less valuable, since, through lectures and judicious distribution of literature, it has done much to arouse public opinion and to educate it upon social questions.

Under the leadership of \*Froken Cecilia Milow the society has recently engaged in work for street boys by forming a boys' club modeled after those in America. The club takes boys over sixteen years of age, and younger sometimes, and is the good influence such clubs always are when well managed. Froken Milow's method of work is typical of Swedish thoroughness. Before taking any step in the matter she visited America and England for the purpose of studying boys' clubs. After seeing the best types she returned to Stockholm and organized her own. The opinion of so wide a traveler and so keen an observer is valuable, so Froken Milow was asked to state the difference between social England and social America. She replied, "The hopelessness in England and the hopefulness in America."

**T**HE newest organization is the Central Bureau for Social Workers, formed in 1903 by a group of the workers with Mr. Ernst Beckman, jurist, literary man, social student and member of the Swedish Parliament, as president. The Bureau collects and distributes literature upon social conditions and gives advice to those wishing to engage in social work or study social questions. Upon certain evenings of the week an architect and a lawyer may be found there for consultation free of charge by those unable to pay. Through newspaper letters and lectures interest is created and sustained in present-day questions of importance. In furnishing its rooms the Bureau has kept clearly in mind two things—simplicity and the artistic in color scheme, arrangement and decoration. The curtains and rugs

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\*Married women have the title Froke, unmarried women are called Froken.

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are hand-woven, the furniture made by the peasants, and the place serves, to a certain extent, as a model for young couples about to set up housekeeping for themselves.

As in all other countries, even in Sweden, where there are few cities, the serious social question is the housing of the working classes, with this difference, however, that no sooner did the problem appear than the Swedes set to work to solve it, instead of waiting for the situation to become critical, as in New York, London and other large cities. This is being done, as in all cities, by the formation of housing associations, which build improved tenements and place them in the care of friendly rent-collectors, who keep an eye upon the family life of the tenants in addition to the work of collecting the rents promptly and seeing that the property is kept in good repair. Froken Lagerstadt was the pioneer Scandinavian rent-collector, and has done much to improve life in the tenements put in her charge.

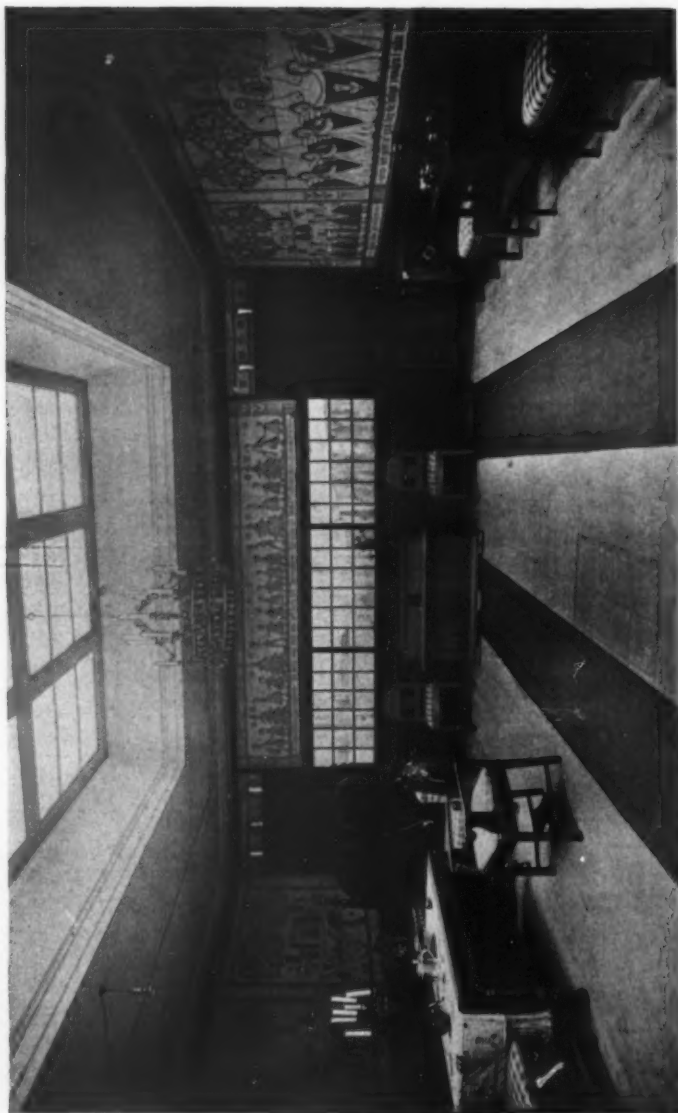
Equal in importance with the housing question is the street-child problem, and here especially may Sweden serve as a model, for her method of caring for neglected children is closely connected with her public-education system and could easily be adopted by other countries.

Nowhere else, unless we except America, is education so universal as in Sweden. Every child must go to school between the ages of seven and fourteen, unless the parents can show that they are being privately educated. There are about twelve thousand common schools in Sweden, even the thinly populated districts having "ambulatory schools," held in various parts of the district. When this is the case the school term is reduced to about half the ordinary duration.

Children who have good homes and parents live protected lives as they do the world over, but the neglected and those who might become delinquent are safeguarded by being sent to the "cottage work schools," as they are called. Each parish has the necessary number of work schools, supported partly by the parish, partly by the state, supplemented by gifts from individuals. Manual training only is taught, from eleven to one and from five to seven—that is, after the morning and afternoon regular sessions. Children under sixteen who would be apt to run in the streets, and who are liable to mischief because their parents are at work or lack control over them, are sent to the work schools, upon the recommendation of the teachers.



BOYS STUDYING CARPENTRY IN A  
SWEDISH COTTAGE WORK-SCHOOL



AN EXCHANGE FOR SWEDISH PEASANT  
HANDICRAFT—A PERMANENT EXHIBITION



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In addition to the manual training, the children are given a plain but wholesome dinner, or supper. The pupils are never told they are naughty, but that the reason they are sent there is because it is well for everybody to know how to do good work with the hands. Meals are not given in the spirit of charity, but as a reward for work well done. The teachers are in thorough sympathy with this fine preventive work. As one of them said, "They are not really bad boys and girls, but just full of too much spirits and needing a guiding hand."

**A**NOTHER important and more valuable work is also done in connection with the schools. The idea of it originated with Froken Anna Whitlock, a teacher, and a true Swede, in spite of her very English name, which is quite common in Sweden. Deeply interested in social work, doing much of it herself, and a valued member of progressive women's associations in Stockholm, Froken Whitlock several years ago conceived the idea of a course of lectures upon social service for the pupils of the higher classes. During her years of teaching she had observed many young people leave school who manifested great enthusiasm for service of some kind, but whose total ignorance of what was going on around them resulted in waste of time and energy. Froken Whitlock rightly thought it would be a wise thing if these young people could be informed about social conditions in their native land, at least, and so be prepared to step immediately into some form of social activity—in other words, to make education a true preparation for life.

The lectures are given at stated times, in school hours, by specialists engaged in some form of social work, and are attended by boys and girls from the higher grades. The following week the lecturer takes those who wish to go, to see the institutions which have been mentioned. For instance, one lecture in last winter's course was about some of the child-saving institutions in and near Stockholm. The speaker took advantage of the opportunity to touch upon delicate questions concerning fatherhood and motherhood, but so simply, so naturally, that a close observer failed to detect the slightest expression of surprise or shocked delicacy upon the faces of the audience, boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years.

University extension, as carried on by the universities at Upsala and Lund, is very popular. A recent development of peculiar interest

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may be called guide studies in Stockholm, the object being to make known to people of small means, in town and country, the educational resources of their capital. The schoolhouses unused in vacation are converted into dormitories, with beds at eight cents a night; special arrangements with certain restaurants enable students to obtain good food for little money. The courses, of two weeks each, comprise lectures and visits to places of interest with competent instructors as guides. Six hundred students have been accepted at a time, about seventy per cent. of them women.

**S**WEDEN is the home of the handicrafts. In addition to manual training taught in schools, the most exquisite hand weaving, lace making, brass work, even pottery, is done by the peasants. Each district has its own patterns, which the peasants make and wear, deeming it unpatriotic to have aught to do with patterns of other localities.

The establishment of a permanent exhibition and exchange for the peasants' handicrafts originated in a beautiful way. Several years ago the Laplanders suffered from a severe famine. Froken Lilli Zickerman, knowing of the work done by these people in their cottage homes, interested certain persons, who sent her through the Lap country to collect from house to house every saleable article the peasants wished to part with. Taking these to the city, a bazar for the sale of them was held just before Christmas. The fair was liberally patronized, with the result that a considerable sum of money was sent to the Laps, who by this means were given relief without a suggestion of charity. A good market was found in this way for these cottage industries, and since that time a regular business has been conducted for the peasants. It would be interesting to know how far this has been instrumental in keeping the people contented in their country homes and so deterring them from herding in the cities.

The Friends of Art Needlework, or *Handarbetets Vanner*, to give the name in the vernacular, does a great deal to encourage the handicrafts. This society, in addition to maintaining sales and exhibition-rooms, conducts classes for weaving, lace making and embroidery. The work of the students brings high prices and finds ready sale among foreigners as well as among their own people.

Because of the handicrafts Sweden has not many textile factories, although there are some where conditions of work are, for the most

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part, good. The people, however, are encouraged to continue hand weaving and to hold to their time-honored industrial customs rather than to take the risk of a disturbed economic order due to a market glutted with shoddy trash. In all Sweden there are to-day only about ten thousand factories of all kinds, employing in all a little more than two hundred and sixty-five thousand workmen—not a great number out of a total population of more than five million.

The amount of preventive work which is done obviates the necessity for an elaborate system of charity. Where it is undertaken, it receives intelligent direction and is chiefly for the relief of neglected children and the aged and infirm.

An excellent charity is the *Mjölkdroppen*, or milk distribution, founded in 1903 by a physician. This has its local habitation in what was formerly one of the worst saloons—a low dive. To-day it is a place of spotless purity, childish innocence and anxious motherhood. Infant mortality has been greatly reduced by the pure milk given to those who come or send for it.

THE activity of Swedish women has undoubtedly been an important factor in the rational development of social service. The Frederika Bremer Union, named for Sweden's celebrated champion of women's rights, has for its object the advancement of women, and combines the work of a woman's club, a woman's suffrage association and a business institution. It has charming rooms, where guests and visitors from other lands are entertained; it publishes an excellent periodical; it lends money to women who wish to study art, literature or social work in European countries; it does a great propaganda work for woman's suffrage. There are many other organizations of women, perhaps the most important, the Idun Club in Stockholm.

Sweden's freedom from many of the distressing social conditions which disturb other countries may be accounted for in large measure by a simplicity of life which has no false standards and by the dignity of labor which comes from arts and crafts well done. Nor is the attitude toward work confined to the working people; it extends to the higher classes as well. A charming Swedish gentleman, in showing a visitor one of the frescoes in a high school in Stockholm, said, "This is very fine, as you see, and was done by Prince Eugene, the king's youngest son, who is an artist by trade."

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Swedish gymnastics, world-renowned for their excellence, are probably responsible in large measure for the physical development of the people, giving them sane minds and sound bodies. Since the day in 1805 when Henrik Ling appeared in Lund as a university fencing-master, the Swedes have made athletics a part of daily life. Taught in all the schools, from the universities down to the common schools, it has naturally become second nature almost to breathe properly and to walk correctly.

In the normal schools those qualifying to become teachers are required to take a thorough course in gymnastics along with other studies to enable them to lead such classes in the schools. In addition to the school gymnastics there are many private athletic organizations for both men and women.

Even the disabled in Sweden are encouraged to develop whatever ability they may possess in order that they may become self-supporting rather than public charges. Working Schools for Disabled People have been in existence for twenty years. In 1884 a Congress of Physicians was held in Copenhagen. The Danish Society for the Care of Disabled and Maimed People arranged an exhibition where visitors could see them at work. When the Swedish physician who had attended the Congress returned home he succeeded in interesting others in the idea, with the result that a small school was open by private philanthropy in 1886. Since that time several organizations have been formed and schools opened, all working on the same plan and giving practically the same sort of instruction, although as yet not one of them receives State aid. Consequently each school finds it necessary to restrict the classes to those of its own parish or neighborhood.

The largest School for the Disabled is in Gothenburg, established in 1885, having received in seven years one hundred and ninety-five pupils. Twenty of these had only one arm, twenty-seven paralyzed and others partially helpless through various bodily defects. Pupils are taught carpentry, shoe, basket and brush making, wood-carving, lettering, and the women, sewing, art-needlework, weaving and stocking-knitting. The lessons are free of charge, sewing-machines being provided for the women. When the work is sufficiently well done to find a sale the worker receives the full price for it, minus the cost of materials. Free baths are given and free dinners to those unable to pay.



SALESROOM OF HANDARBETEN VANNER

WEAVING CLASS OF HANDARBETEN VANNER



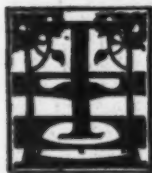


WINDING PATH LEADING  
TO THE HOUSE...  
THE HOUSE IS DRAWN  
INTO THE LANDSCAPE  
BY SHRUBS & FLOWERS  
VINES AND ANNUALS SUR-  
ROUNDING THE BRICK FOUNDATION



COUNTRY HOUSE OF MR. HENRY ATTERBURY SMITH

## A CITY ARCHITECT'S COUNTRY RETREAT: BUILDING A HOME INSTEAD OF JUST A HOUSE: BY HENRY ATTERBURY SMITH

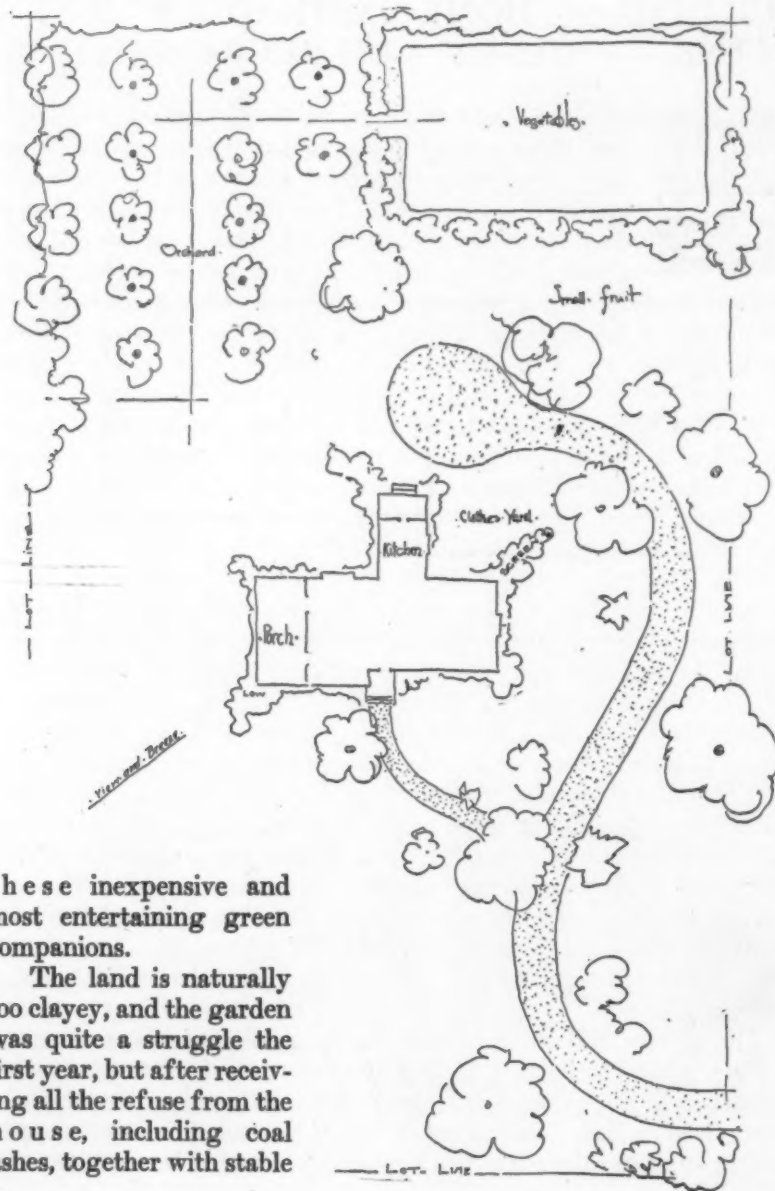


HERE seemed to be no particular reason for locating just there, except a fine open view and a cool breeze. There were no trees, merely a cow tied to a stake, grazing on a poor piece of open land which attracted our attention. This seemed the only piece sufficiently withdrawn from neighbors in an appointed locality. The problem of designing a house for two people, easy to care for with one servant, a house that could be opened or closed in winter or summer at an hour's notice, with as much furniture built in place as possible, was readily solved, and it reasonably fills the bill. A living-room, of Craftsman furniture, with trim and floor to match, and finished with dull green rough plaster, served at one end as a dining-room, where eight at times were comfortably seated, and at the other, as a sitting-room. One large fireplace of ordinary brick was adequate for heating purposes in the fall and spring.

The chamber on the same floor, with ample space and lots of closets, obviated for weeks at a time the necessity of going up-stairs. A convenient door in the bathroom converted it into a public lavatory during the day and left it *en suite* with this chamber when desired. The veranda, enclosed in glass in fall and spring and finished with green willow furniture and hammocks, is used for a combination living-room and dining-room, when the weather permits. A reception-room, comfortable enough for a few formal minutes, or awaiting admittance to the living-room, and a kitchen, well disconnected from the body of the house, with a little pantry for arranging flowers, make up the sum total of our house. The attic is finished in plaster throughout, and contains, over the veranda and living-room, one large room with three exposures, one room at the end of the house, a servant's room, a store-room and a bath; later a treatment, as shown in the plan, can be made.

The groups and the approach of the garden all came up along in June, when the house was finishing, instead of in April, and the temptation to put in shrubs and trees was too strong to resist, so they were moved in leaf. They lived, but they did not thrive at first; still, in three summers the place has apparently doubled in value through

## COUNTRY HOME OF CITY ARCHITECT

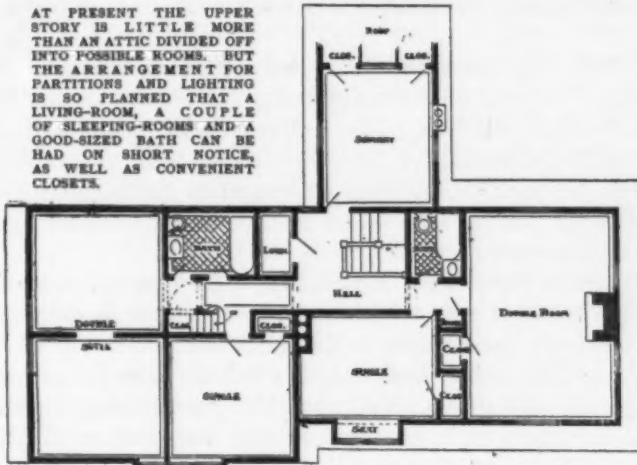


these inexpensive and most entertaining green companions.

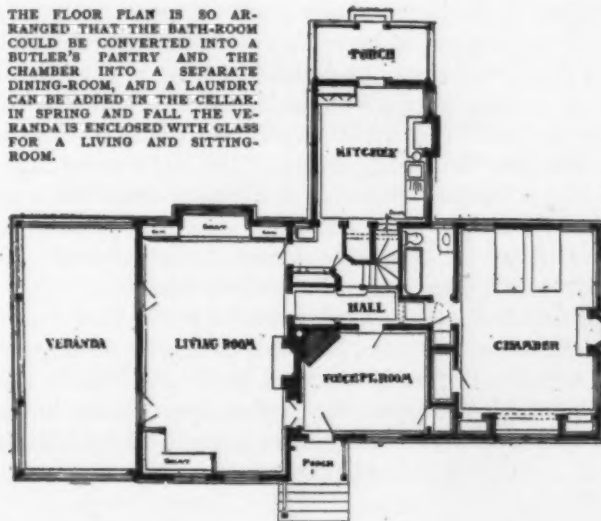
The land is naturally too clayey, and the garden was quite a struggle the first year, but after receiving all the refuse from the house, including coal ashes, together with stable

## COUNTRY HOME OF CITY ARCHITECT

AT PRESENT THE UPPER STORY IS LITTLE MORE THAN AN ATTIC DIVIDED OFF INTO POSSIBLE ROOMS. BUT THE ARRANGEMENT FOR PARTITIONS AND LIGHTING IS SO PLANNED THAT A LIVING-ROOM, A COUPLE OF SLEEPING-ROOMS AND A GOOD-SIZED BATH CAN BE HAD ON SHORT NOTICE, AS WELL AS CONVENIENT CLOSETS.



THE FLOOR PLAN IS SO ARRANGED THAT THE BATH-ROOM COULD BE CONVERTED INTO A BUTLER'S PANTRY AND THE CHAMBER INTO A SEPARATE DINING-ROOM, AND A LAUNDRY CAN BE ADDED IN THE CELLAR. IN SPRING AND FALL THE VERANDA IS ENCLOSED WITH GLASS FOR A LIVING AND SITTING-ROOM.



## COUNTRY HOME OF CITY ARCHITECT

manure and commercial fertilizers, a high state of cultivation was achieved that boasted vegetables and flowers side by side, not surpassed in our estimation in many a garden with a real gardener.

**S**HRUBS were selected, not merely with a view to beautiful flowers, but also to securing beautiful berries in the fall that would detain the blue-birds; we also made a point of those of colored barks and handsome, healthy foliage and graceful growth. Herbaceous perennials and vines and annuals surrounded the otherwise ugly brick foundations in an unconventional border that daily had some new surprise for us.


The house is frequently occupied in mid-winter for a day or a week with a party of two or a dozen, or in summer is entirely closed on short notice for a vacation in the mountains or a trip to Europe. To effect this, the house is heated with a furnace which does not freeze when neglected, and all the plumbing is designed to empty readily and easily, and is arranged in sections, so that any portion of the house can be put into commission separately, depending upon the number entertained or the length of the winter stay.

Such houses as this have a decided advantage over the usual lightly built summer type, because they are well planned and well built, and are capable of enlargement in a consistent way; at the same time their initial cost is small. This particular house is planned with a future enlargement in mind, and can be so altered so that the chamber on the first story becomes the dining-room. The bath adjoining could be converted into a butler's pantry. A laundry could be added to the cellar, for which outlets were left; and with the finishing of the second floor, as shown with two bedrooms, the house could be made to accommodate about three times the present number.

These illustrations show the house at various stages of its three-year existence, and go to prove that it is profitable to solve each set of conditions consistently, so that a real home will result, and then to expend considerable energy at the earliest opportunity in beautifying its surroundings, with such material as is available, in an artistic way, according to a well-worked-out plan.



## THE BOW ARM—A STORY: BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

“OU better be glad”—Virginia’s pointing forefinger aided her little sighing voice—“You better be glad, Nobilissimus, that you haven’t got a bow arm.”

She lifted a small, soft paw and brought it into range of his vision. “This would be it, if you had one,” she said explainingly. “You couldn’t catch flies with it or rats or anything. They won’t let me.”

The shouts of a rabble of children filtered through the vines to them. Virginia’s ear, tuned to delicate melodies, refused to recognize discords here. She said stiffly to herself that it was a beautiful sound.

“They flat a little,” she acknowledged; “but I like the sound of it, Nobilissimus,” appealing again to the little dun-colored dog. “If *we* did that the folks would all come a-flying, wouldn’t they? Mother and Mademoiselle and Janice and Aunt Chlo, every single.” The vision of Aunt Chlo “a-flying” wheezily in the rear improved Virginia’s spirits. Visions of Aunt Chlo had that tendency always. Undefined but ever present in Virginia’s consciousness was the suspicion that Aunt Chlo would never have come a-flying at all of her own accord. She of all the child’s corps of guardians recognized the child’s extreme youth and coveted for it its own. Yet Aunt Chlo, black and massive and obedient, had been schooled successfully.

“Yo’ po’ little lamb!” she pitied, and in the same breath, “Don’ yo’ go carousin’ roun’ or yo’ll hurt yo’ bow ahm!” It had to be. Virginia herself on all but rare occasions accepted the decree.

This was a rare occasion. Rebellion bit at the child’s soul, and in the smart of it she writhed feebly. Away off on her little horizon she had long ago descried a cloud the size of a man’s hand. It was slowly growing larger; to-day it was the size of—of Aunt Chlo’s hand. When it grew very big indeed, something would happen—oh, something that would bring them all a-flying. Virginia clasped delicate white fingers around her knees and sat and saw it coming. From the solemnity of his attitude the little dun-colored dog might have been sitting that way and seeing, too.

But it would not come to-day. To-day was a holiday. On holidays Virginia only practiced an hour and a half. Her lessons with Mademoiselle were excused. There was leisure to sit like this, out on

## THE BOW ARM—A STORY

the porch with Nobilissimus, and listen to the rabble of joyous children. On days that were not holidays Virginia practiced four hours.

The next Concert was a very little way off now. The new dress was done. Virginia got up at the remembrance of it and went upstairs to look at it, the little dog a-heel. New dresses recompensed so much, especially this new one which seemed to Virginia softer and daintier and lovelier than any of its predecessors. She gloated over it in a rapt, miserly little way.

"This is the way I shall bow, Most Noble"—the little dun dog was designated impartially in English or Latin—"Like this—and they will all clap their hands. You ought to hear them clap their hands when I bow! And when I get through playing—" The child's eyes took on triumph. Dreaminess crept over her small, sweet face. She was in the beautiful new dress, looking down not at the patient little creature at her feet but at a sea of smiling faces. Ripples of applause ran over the sea—the people clapping! She smiled in shy response. The old intoxication went to her head like wine.

Unconsciously her small body straightened, her chin lifted, she nestled under it an imaginary violin. Her sacred little bow arm swept back and forth over imaginary strings. And the little dun dog, because he was Most Noble, listened patiently in his trying role of smiling sea.

Something stirred behind Virginia and she swept about to face a laughing maid.

"Janice!" She stamped her foot imperiously, "you've been there a'listening!"

"You played beautiful, Miss Virginia," with spurious gravity.

Virginia's stormy mood was snuffed out in a sudden little gale of merriment. It must have been funny to Janice!

"I'll play you some more," she cried, and nodded and smiled and played. But the maid interfered in alarm.

"No, no, don't, Miss Virginia, you mustn't! You'll get tired out and you're—you're wasting your arm!"

"It's *my* bow arm," Virginia retorted grandly, but she let it fall to her side. "I'll stop, though, because I want to. Janice, am I lovely?"

"Dear, yes!" Janice was taken off her guard, but ready.

"Am I remarkable?"

"Dear, yes!" This answer seemed serviceable while casting about for a better.

## THE BOW ARM—A STORY

"Can any other little girl like me play at concerts and be clapped?—can your little sister?"

"My little sis—" Janice gasped at the thought. "No, oh, no, Nelly can't—no indeed."

"What can Nelly do?"

What could Nelly do? Run and leap and swing her arms, unafraid—

"Her bow arm?" persisted Virginia. "Will they let her swing that one and do—do stunts with it?" She had picked up the word at some unguarded moment.

"Dear, yes, anything, Miss Virginia."

"Then I suppose she isn't valuable. It must be nice not to be valuable. Just a little girl and your bow arm just an arm—but I don't suppose she has lacey new dresses every time she pl—she doesn't play? Like my new one, Janice?"

The expression on the face of the maid hurried from chagrin to tenderness. *Nelly* in a lacey dress! No, no, Nelly never had any new dress.

"She wears mine made over," Janice said simply.

"But she has good times?—and laughs?" Virginia was oddly persistent. Yes, Nelly had good times and laughed. Janice laughed in sympathy.

"I wish you could hear her, Miss Virginia!"

"Oh, I wish I could—I wish I could!" cried, sick with longing, the child who played at concerts and was clapped. The cloud on her little horizon grew larger than Aunt Chlo's big black hand.

**H**ER name on a program was spelled *Virginie* and looked beautiful. There were strings of programs hanging by their silken tassels on Virginia's walls, and sometimes when she was very tired and her bow arm ached especially hard she peeped into them, one by one, and found the *Virginie*. It was a help, like looking at the new dresses and remembering the clapping.

On the day but one before a concert Virginia practiced six hours, three in the morning, three in the afternoon. Her master came and practiced with her, and Mother staid in the room and gave her spoonfuls of things out of bottles to give her strength. There was always a strange excitement in the air. On the day but one before a concert

## THE BOW ARM—A STORY

Nobilissimus kept his tail much between his legs and staid under things.

On the day before there was no practicing at all. Janice lowered the shades in Virginia's room to keep her asleep in the morning, and every one went through the halls and up and down stairs softly. Aunt Chlo brought in bowls of steaming things as soon as the child got up and took her on her knee and fed her out of them like a baby.

"Po' little lamb! Po' little lamb!" Aunt Chlo crooned.

Then came the day itself and the journey with Mother on the cars, with the smart little violin case on the seat between them. That was Virginia's best day. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes shone with excitement; the clapping was already in her ears.

On this particular best day the child dozed intermittently, while Mother talked to some one behind in a proud voice. Virginia caught snatches of what was said, but she thought she dreamed them.

"Only nine—yes. She has played ever since she was five. . . . Oh, yes, of course, she practices a great deal. . . . Oh, no, she does not mind it at all. . . . Yes, the most difficult. Her repertoire is remarkable for a child."

The other voice was too low to get into Virginia's dreams. The spaces between the things that Mother said were empty spaces. Suddenly Virginia sat up and knew she was awake. This was no dream.

"Yes, four hours now, but her master says we must soon be making it five—then six—increasing as she grows older. It has to be—ah, do you get off here? I wish you were going to hear her play."

"Five—then six—increasing"—Virginia stared blankly into a dreary future. Her poor little bow arm throbbed in self-pity. Even the glamor of the near future—of to-night—faded into insignificance. The beautiful new dress, the smiling faces, footlights, clapping hands—they dimmed and disappeared. The rattle of the train beat out, "Five—then six—increasing," in her ears.

Villages and scattered homes flashed by her window. Everywhere there seemed to be little children romping and laughing and swinging their arms like Nellies. None of them appeared to have bow arms. They must all be Nellies.

On Virginia's horizon the cloud was ominously spreading. By the time the end of the journey was reached it enveloped her little world. What had been coming all this while to Virginia was now

## 'THE BOW ARM—A STORY

all but here, separated only by the little space the concert must occupy. After that—

"As soon as I get home—" the child reflected with the temerity of despair. "I can't wait any longer than that."

She would take Most Noble with her. In her heart was born a wistful premonition that Most Noble would be the only one who would really care, and so she could not leave him behind. They would go together hand in hand, Virginia thought.

Mother and Mademoiselle and Janice and Aunt Chlo would be a little sorry on account of the wasted little concert dresses and the wasted violin. It would seem queer to them all not to have anyone to run about after and keep from injury—not to have any bow arm to take care of.

Virginia had never laid up against any one her weary hours of practicing; as Mother had told the strange person on the train, it "had to be." You never laid up things that had to be, you only ran away from them.

THAT particular concert was always a good deal like a dream to Virginia; not an unpleasant dream, for there were the lights in it and the flowers and a beautiful sound of clapping, but a misty, elusive one that refused to stand out clearly against the background of her memory. It seemed always to have been some other child that stood on the edge of the smiling sea and nodded and lifted a small round chin—some one else's little bow arm that swept the bow across the strings. She herself stood off a little way and pitied the child that was playing and laughed elfishly to think they were going to make her practice five hours soon—then six—increasing.

Virginia had decided upon the very morning after she got home as the time to do it. Fortunately for her, the difficulties in her way were materially lessened by Mother's lying in bed and its being a holiday from lessons, which eliminated Mademoiselle. That left Janice to run away from and Aunt Chlo. But Janice, it came about, had a toothache, and it is not difficult to run away from a person with a toothache. Hence of Virginia's row of "blackbirds" in her way one flew away and another. Then there was one—Aunt Chlo, very black indeed. To eliminate Aunt Chlo with least trouble Virginia had recourse to artifice.



## THE BOW ARM—A STORY

"Aunt Chlo," she asked with sweet solicitude, "how is your misery?"

"Bress yo' heart, honey," groaned Aunt Chlo searching out a promising spot and rubbing it, "it's a-takin' holt ag'in dis mornin'!"

"Then I guess you better not sit out on the porch in the—the draught. I'll take the teeny silver bell and ring it if anything happens to me. You stay in here by the fire and keep your misery warm."

The artifice succeeded. Virginia, with her little nightgown in a roll under her arm, and Nobilissimus, without his, stole guiltily away. They hurried until they were out of sight of the house, and then settled into a steady little jog. Neither of them spoke till more than a mile had slipped under their six trudging feet. It was Virginia who spoke then.

"I'll ring the teeny bell," she laughed, "for something's happened now!—I said I'd ring it if anything happened to me. Nobilissimus, we're running away! It feels a little queer to be, doesn't it?"

JANICE had so often described her home a few miles out into the country that the child had no great difficulty in finding it. There were so many things to go by. There was the blue pump—very blue, Janice said—and the red barn with a fish on it that swam north, east, south, west. Virginia stopped at the first red barn with a fish on it, swimming west. And it was the right place, for there was Nelly with Janice's good, round face!

"Here we are—we've got here, Nobilissimus!" the child cried excitedly. She advanced toward a shy, brown child and made her little concert bow.

"How do you do, Nelly?" she said in her gracious little way. "I've come to live with you. What shall we play?" For she wanted to lose no time. She had made out many little programs in her mind of the things—the Nelly-things—they would do. She realized most of them, if not all, would require practice, but she was used to practicing. Her name in all these programs was spelled Virginia and looked beautiful.

"I'm Virginia—Virginia—" she hurried as a necessary sop to the other child's bewildered curiosity. "The one that Janice sweeps and dusts. She said you had good times and laughed—so I came. I wish you'd laugh now." And Nelly after another astonished instant obeyed. It was splendid.

## THE BOW ARM—A STORY

"That's one o' the things I came for—to learn, you know—and another's *trees*," Virginia explained. "Janice says you can climb 'em."

"My gracious!" laughed on Nelly, unable to stop, "me climb trees!"

"Oh, can't—you?" disappointedly. "Then I suppose it was something else Janice said, but I understood—"

It was rather a tall tree with the playhouse tilting in its midst. To Virginia it was a California giant, but when she had climbed it and sat up there among the leaves she would be a Nelly!

"Come on! Come on!" she revelled. "You go ahead first and then me."

It seemed scarcely a moment before she lay in the long grass at the foot of the giant tree with Janice's Nelly stooping over her, her little brown face whitened by fright.

"What is it? What did I do?" Virginia murmured. She felt queer. The little white-brown face was two faces—three, four, five—above her. She thought of the teeny silver bell. She ought to ring it—something had happened to her.

"You didn't know how—you fell out," all five Nellies sobbed above her. All five were blanched and scared. "You've got to get up and come into the house with me and see mother. Give me your hand, I'll help you."

"*Don't!*" shrieked Virginia, and the new thing that happened rent her with grinding, awful anguish. Then merciful oblivion.

They told her when she woke up that she had broken her arm, and they had sent for the doctor and her folks. She must lie very still until they came.

Oh, yes—oh, yes, she would lie very still. The room seemed full of pain and she did not want it to come any nearer. Moving she was curiously certain would bring it close. She wondered a good many things while she lay still—when they would get there, what the doctor was coming for, but most of all *which arm*.

THEY took her home after rather a weary while, and she spent her time in her own beautiful room with Mother. It was a surprise to Virginia to have Mother there so much. The surprise grew into comfort. When she caught Mother's eye Mother smiled—Virginia thought it a beautiful smile.

## THE BOW ARM—A STORY

"Shall I begin to practice to-morrow?" Virginia said one day. It seemed a great while after the accident. She was facing Mother and saw plainly the look that came into her face, but it was not a plain look. Virginia could not decide what it meant.

"Not to-morrow, dear," was Mother's smiling answer. "Dear" was another surprise that was growing into a comfort.

"I'd like my violin. Please bring it, Janice," she said. And to her surprise the maid burst into tears. The next time she asked Mother for it.

"Dear," Mother did not smile at all, "there was a little girl once who broke her arm."

"Yes," nodded Virginia, but there did not seem much relevancy in it. "It was me."

"Her bow arm," Mother added gently. "It was a pretty bad break, Virginia. And—and the doctors said it would always have to be a stiff arm—as long as she lived, Virginia—and it would have to stop being a bow arm—"

Virginia sat up from her cushions. This was something that could not be realized lying down. Even sitting up it was very hard. It took a number of minutes. Realization filtered into the child's brain, drop by drop. When it was all in she turned a white, shocked little face to Mother's white shocked face. Mother smiled, but not Virginia.

"Please bring it to me," she whispered as people whisper when some one is dead.

And when Mother brought it in its smart little case: "Now please you and Nobilissimus go," she whispered. With her left hand she took out the little violin and raised it awkwardly to its old place.

"Why!" she said softly, "Why, it seems queer to be sorry! It's queer not to be *glad*. You—you dear, you're dead now, aren't you, and pretty soon I'll put you back in your poor little coffin. But I want to say something first. It was you I ran away from, and—I wish I hadn't! I never supposed I'd wish that. It seems queer, doesn't it? And—and I'd like to practice five hours on you—then six—increasing. Oh, you dear, I think I'm going to cry!"

She hurried the little instrument back into its coffin and shut it in. One minute she laid her cheek against the smart little case.

"Good-bye," Virginia whispered.

## THE ART OF VINE-GROWING: A LONG ISLAND GARDEN THAT IS AN OBJECT LESSON TO THE HOME GARDENER



WHEN MR. TALBOT J. TAYLOR decided to make a home for his collection of rare and valuable antique furniture, he did not do the usual thing, build an imitation museum and call it a home, nor did he feel it necessary to erect a palatial mansion after a French or Italian model, a house belonging neither to the soil nor the interior furnishings. Instead, he hunted about a bit down on Long Island and found a large, rambling old house, erected long ago after the sturdy early Norman style of building country houses, and all about it a fine old rambling, unkempt estate. The house he enlarged by throwing wings out wherever they suited convenience and structural lines; he added gables and red chimney-stacks; then he planted vines that clad the house in a fresh changing radiance through spring, summer and fall, and shrubs were set out that bound the structure to the soil. And finally he accepted time and sunshine and soft rains for his associate gardeners, until the house grew into the landscape, an inevitable part of it, like the trees and sod. The wild country-side he cultivated into a beautiful garden, a fit green setting for the vine-clad house.

In midsummer but little of the house can be seen for the flowers and green leaves that drape it from chimney to foundation—an escaping glimpse of leaded casement windows, perhaps, or a dormer peeping through a fringe of green on the slope of steep-drooping roof; or a side wall, of the upper story of plaster and beams (that the old Kent farmers have nicknamed "wattle and daubs") may show its old-world face between a clump of trees or a trellis. But as a whole the house with all its treasures of art is a framework for luxurious vine growth and every piazza or pergola or arbor is vine-covered and brought back into harmony with Nature by her own delicate tenacious green tentacles.

Inside, the house is furnished to make it an appropriate background for tapestries of France, old Bavarian wood carvings and furniture of every "period" and nation. The fittings and furniture are almost wholly the finest examples of the industrial art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the walls and ceilings have been finished in harmony.



## THE ART OF VINE-GROWING

It is, however, with the outside of Mr. Taylor's house and its relation to the garden that we are most concerned. The exceptional connoisseur may value most the century-old, little, carved-wood Virgin of narrow shoulders and modest mien, to be seen in the rare wood-carving collection; but the practical modern man who thinks, values the chance to make his own home more beautiful, and values the word that tells him how to improve his house and garden with Nature's simple economical methods, and this is the very lesson that the green-clad Taylor house is ready to tell the observant person; for, apart from the honest, sturdy structure of the house, there can be no doubt that its chief claim to beauty is the dense vine growth from pillar to post, over porch and pergola, and the grouping of shrubs about the foundation walls.

**I**T HAS been well said that vines are to a house as the last accessory of dress to a woman, that they can be made to enhance beauty or to conceal defects; but in the last analysis of what constitutes the real attractiveness of the exterior of a house even more than this can be said for them. Vines rightly used really express the personality of a dwelling. They make a house alive and friendly. They welcome you before the door is open. You forget that the crimson rambler drooping all about the porch is a decoration, an improvement—it is really the essence of the kindly greeting that is yours at the casement. The vine is to the outside of the house what the fireplace is to the interior. It establishes intimacy and holds the lure of unexpressed peace.

The Taylor house and garden form an excellent example of the various ways in which vines may be used to reveal or enhance beauty. The house in midwinter is an attractive piece of architecture, not only structurally—for its lines and proportions are good to the trained eye—but in the many pleasant ways in which it has been made kindly and winning (if one may use such adjectives for a house) by the deep porches, the low, wide casements, the gables, and the sun-vestibule; yet from May to November, when the house appears in its flowering, graceful verdure, quivering with every wind or glistening in the rain, it is so infinitely more beautiful and friendly as to make all comparisons idle.

And so, too, in the garden, vines are used to weave a covering, fragrant and cool-green, over bench and promenade, summer-house and arbor. And where the vine is there are waving shadows on the



## THE ART OF VINE-GROWING

walls, and through the shadows splashes of sunlight, and up above through the canopy of green leaves glimpses of sky, and all about new kinds of beauty that are born in vineland.

We are just beginning in America to recognize and value vines at their true worth, to know the power of their beauty and their gracious willingness to adorn the just and unjust alike in the matter of architecture. A little knowledge of their likes and dislikes in a question of soil, sun and rain, and you find them putting up eager tendrils to cling to wall or post, whether their beauty is asked for a humble backyard or for an estate. A well-trained vine is no respecter of persons. There are many kinds that need but a single invitation to remain with you for a lifetime. And the whimsical annual vine is often the least expensive, so that it is possible to send out a few seed invitations every spring and never miss the dimes.

**I**N DECIDING upon vines for house or garden, almost the only points to consider are their varying needs of sun and rain, and, if the vines are a flowering variety, whether or no the color of blossoms will be becoming to the tone of house. A red-brick house does not lend its surface graciously to a crimson rambler or a purple clematis, and a house painted yellow is a source of mortification to the delicate-hued honeysuckle or the old vining Scotch rose; while a house of gray or weather-tinted shingles is a safe background for the whole gamut of gorgeous-hued flowers, for scarlet runner or sweetbrier, for bitter sweet or passion flower. Remember that colors can give joy to the sensitive, or they can bring nervous prostration. Study the individual way of a vine, and all beauty and success will be added unto you as a vine-grower.

If you do not wish the trouble (or shall I say happiness) of replanting your vines every spring, there are many easy-growing, graceful perennials; there is the wild grapevine with its fragrant June blossoms and rich bunches of purple in the fall and its mass of foliage that can spatter a walk with quivering sunlight and shadow; or what among the hardy vines can furnish fuller shade the season through, and a few weeks of more fairy-like loveliness than wistaria grown over trellis or pergola? One woman who cares for blossoms on the arbor the whole season through planted both sides of a trellis at intervals with wistaria, roses, honeysuckle and wild grape, with the result

## THE ART OF VINE-GROWING

that early in May she has a violet mist over the arbor, in June it is a crimson and fragrant with roses, through the summer the honeysuckle blossoms and perfumes the air, and in the fall the wild grapevine suspends bunches of purple grapes. The arbor never seems crowded and it is a perpetual flower-garden.

Almost any June-blooming vine will plant well with wistaria, but it is well to beware of a discordant vine that is addicted to a second period of blossoms. Fancy sitting on a porch where lavender wistaria and a scarlet trumpet-vine were blossoming energetically side by side.

For the walls of buildings it is best to have sturdy, close-clinging vines, like the ivy, English or Japanese, woodbine or ampelopsis; this is especially true where the lines of a house are fundamentally good and would be lost or distorted under the gnarled branches of wistaria or the bulging outline of wild grape. Such a house, for instance, as this one of Mr. Taylor's can afford to wear close-fitting verdure.

Of roses for hedges, walls, arbors, porches and patches of rocky landscape there are legions, and nearly all the vining roses are hardy as far north as the lower edge of New England. Sweetbrier, fragrant and hardy, is just beginning its career as a favorite vine; the yellow and crimson rambler, the old-time, simple yellow Scotch rose, the easily grown, but rare, large, white, single rose, the Seven Sisters' rose, which is seen on every old porch in Connecticut, the Maréchal Neil, which is safe for the winter south of New York, and the native prairie rose, of rare perfume and easy cultivation—these, and many more, can convert the plainest frame house and the least cozy of little verandas into a picture-spot for the joy alike of the passer-by and of the dweller therein.

**T**HE honeysuckle, with its many varieties, deserves honorable mention among the most fragrant and hardiest of the vines; it may flower up through the roses on the porch, or climb up a trellis to the bedroom window to pour its sweet odor into quiet dreams. It is so swift a grower that it can be made to clothe the foundation of a house or to hide an ugly, ragged fence almost in a single season. It is freer from insects than most of the flowering vines, and if properly cared for in the spring will blossom at intervals on into October.

In the decorative use of vines, as in shrubs, flowers, or trees for that matter, there is always danger of indulging in too great a variety.



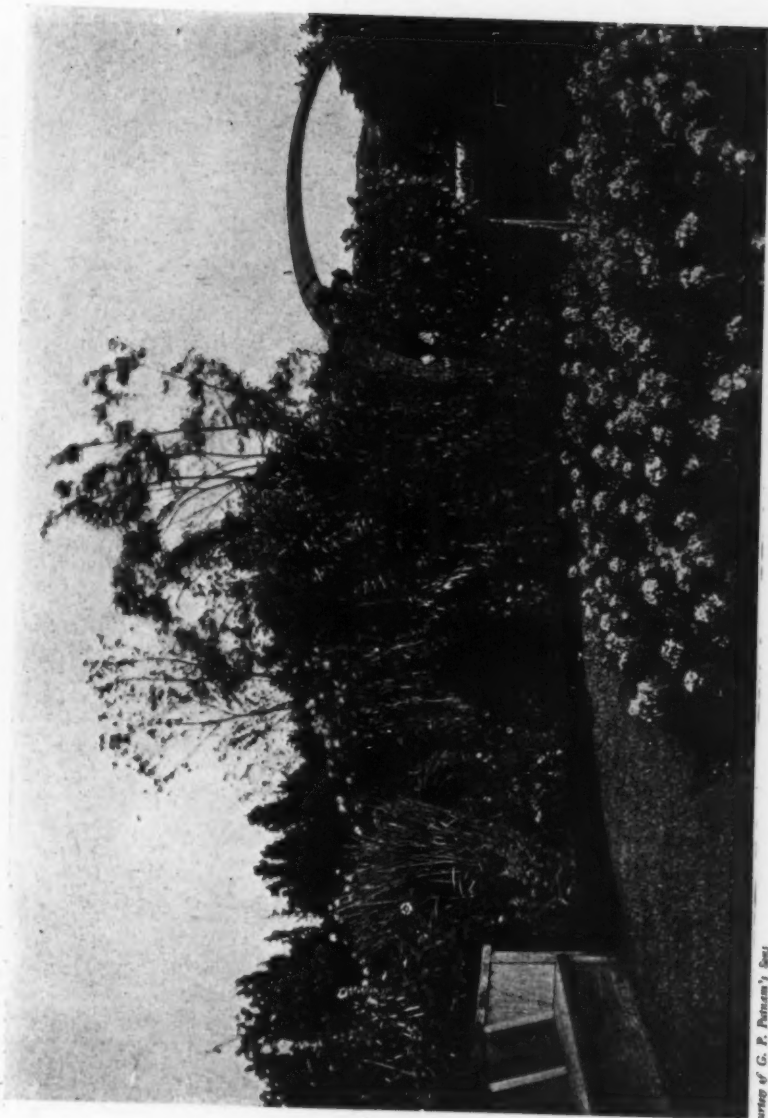
"IN MIDSUMMER BUT LITTLE OF THE HOUSE CAN BE SEEN  
FOR THE VINES FROM CHIMNEY TO FOUNDATION"

*Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons*



Caricature of G. P. Putnam's Son

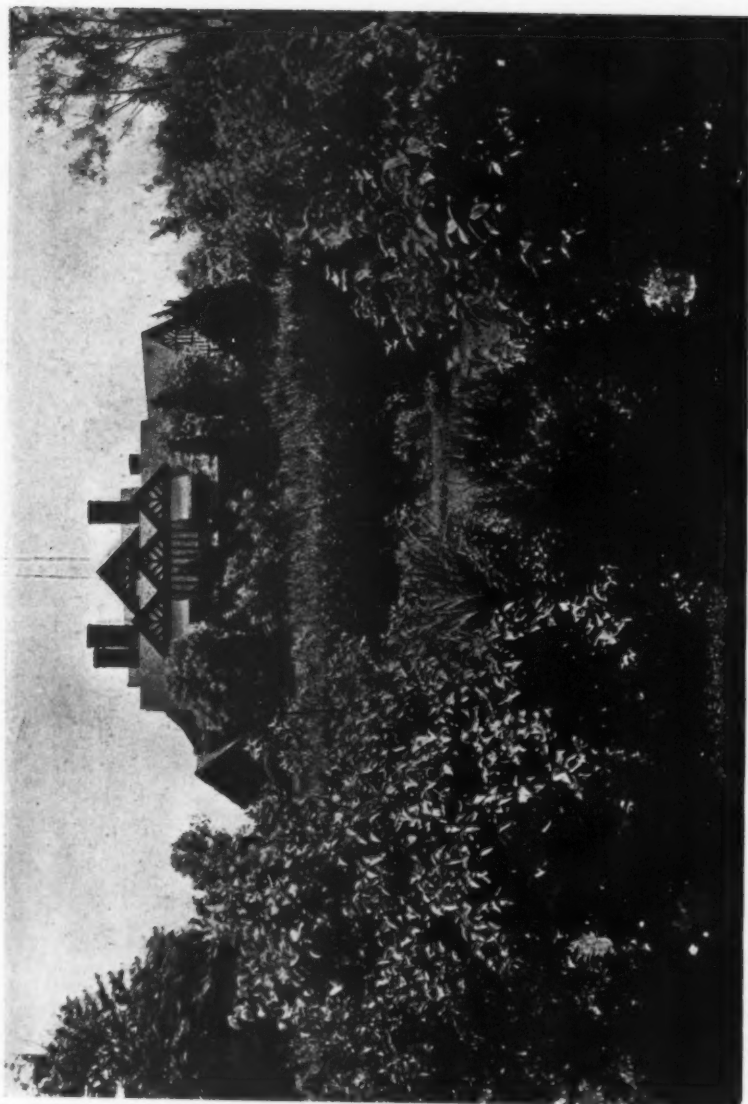
"AT THE ROOTS OF THE VINES THAT CLAMBER OVER  
PORCH AND WALL ARE PLANTED CLOSELY SET SHRUBS"



Garden of G. E. Johnson's, Iowa

"THE WILD COUNTRY-SIDE WAS  
CULTIVATED INTO A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN"





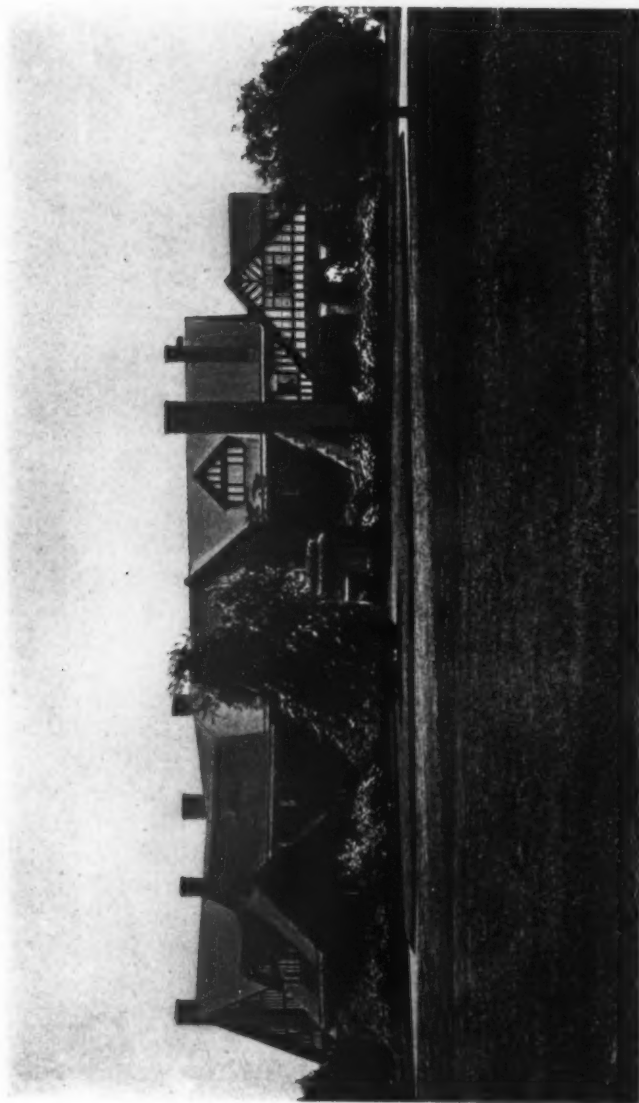
Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons

"WHEREVER THERE MIGHT BE A RAGGED SPOT, IT  
IS MADE SYMMETRICAL BY CLUMPS OF SHRUBS"



Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons

"IN THE GARDEN, VINES ARE USED TO WEAVE A COVERING  
FRAGRANT AND COOL GREEN OVER BENCH AND ARBOR"



Courtesy of G. P. Pincus, Esq.

"A LARGE RAMBLING OLD HOUSE ERECTED LONG AGO  
AFTER THE STURDY EARLY NORMAN STYLE OF BUILDING  
COUNTRY HOUSES"

## THE ART OF VINE-GROWING

The amateur gardener grows ambitious to show his skill, and curious to test and succeed with the new, forgetting that often the best effects are obtained by a few varieties and luxuriant masses of foliage and flowers in harmonious colors, rather than by an incongruous young horticultural show.

Of the humble annual-flowering vines there is such a profusion that there should not be a naked porch or a barren backyard in the whole land; at least not where there are little fingers big enough to handle a trowel and carry a package of seeds. Very little children could be taught at home or in kindergarten classes to become the vine-planters of the nation. What do morning-glories, nasturtiums, moon-flowers, or flowering beans ask more than a few nights' lodging in soil not too hard or poor for their sustenance and a fresh drink of water every morning? And every child is better for an awakened curiosity about earth and flowers, better for the mere digging down into the earth; while a chance to cultivate a flower-garden of his own is worth a lecture course on carefulness or the beauty of Nature to the average boy. But this is an article on the bringing up of vines, not children, and the fact that they seem to have some relation in the writer's mind has nothing to do with the subject.

In making beautiful his Long Island home, Mr. Taylor has not been content with the mere planting of many vines, but has so arranged them and adjusted them to the color and contour of the house that each vine shows to the best possible advantage, that there are no awkward lengths of roots revealed, no unlovely beginnings shown about the foundation of the house; everywhere at the roots of the vines that clamber over porch and wall are planted closely set shrubs, growing high enough to protect the vines until the richness of foliage begins, and serving also to seal the house to the earth—to make them one. And all about the garden, shrubs are used in the most practical manner, at the foot of vines that grow over trellis or garden seat, against stone walls and fences; wherever there might be a ragged spot it is made symmetrical and beautiful by lines or clumps of shrubs.

So completely and entirely does the exterior of Mr. Taylor's house suggest the perfection of simply beautiful living that one remembers with a curious sense of surprise, almost regret, that it is intended mainly for the repository of more valuable old-world, old-time furnishings than many of the finest museums even in Europe could equal.

## POET'S LOVE—WOMAN'S LOVE

### I.

#### POET'S LOVE.

**M**Y LOVE, thou art the end of all desire!  
Thou art the fire  
That warms my life, and lights it!—thou  
the balm  
To cool and calm.  
My life, my death, and my eternity  
Mean only thee—  
And more than these, thou art my Poetry.

### II.

#### WOMAN'S LOVE.

**T**HOU art my Poetry, O poet-king,  
Master, and friend.  
Thou art my song, my help, my comforting  
Unto the end. . .

But more than these, thou art my love, my life,  
Both here and now  
And through and after death—eternal life  
Is only thou. . .

Eternal life can serve but to prolong  
Thy highest call,  
For man is more than poet, life than song,  
And love than all.

—Curtis Hidden Page.



## THE SOCIAL SERVICE OF A CITY SCHOOL: BY JOHN SPARGO



**WE LIVE**, fortunately, in an age of inquiry and challenge. The spirit of dissatisfaction with things as they are, and of hopeful aspiration to better things, is everywhere manifest. I do not hesitate to call this a fortunate circumstance, however uneasy it must make us, simply because it is the manifestation of the eternal *zeitgeist*, the spirit which has prompted every step in man's upward, age-long climb. It is the pledge, the unfailing promise of a better social state; a socialized world fulfilling Cicero's fine ideal of a society in which the interest of each individually, and of all collectively, should be the same. And until that spirit is attained, Human Brotherhood, "Democracy's other name," can not be realized.

Nothing escapes this spirit of inquiry, analysis and challenge. A cross-section of human life at any point reveals it. In politics, religion, education, science, art—in a word, everywhere—it is manifest. Nowhere, with the possible, but doubtful, exception of politics, is this spirit more evident than in all that pertains to the education of the young, and nowhere is it more intelligently directed. Nowhere is it more evident that "The old order changeth, giving place to the new" than in our public schools. To contrast the public schools of to-day in our most progressive cities with the most progressive public schools of a generation ago, is to receive a salutary lesson in social progress. The schools are brighter and healthier, designed with greater care for the physical, mental and spiritual development of the scholars; the teachers are men and women of higher mental standards and ideals; the tutorial methods are saner and more humane. In larger measure than ever before, the twofold nature of education is being recognized. We are no longer satisfied to impart knowledge merely, which is but the outward aspect of education; to develop thought and character, ideas and ideals from within; to correlate knowledge imparted from the storehouse of the sum total of past experience with the knowledge derived from personal experience, is the aim of an ever-growing body of earnest and intelligent educators.

So far we have progressed, but not yet has the goal been reached where we may rest in peaceful satisfaction. There is still much to be desired in the way of what one may call spiritual progress in our

## SOCIAL SERVICE OF A CITY SCHOOL

schools. Our school *curricula* are in too many instances mechanical and rigid. Devised to meet the requirements of the mass, they are applied to the individual with disastrous results. A common standard of acquired knowledge—by no means identical with mental equipment—is attained, but the individuality of the child, the most precious thing of all, the development of which should be the very *raison d'être* of our attempts to educate the child, is sacrificed. There is a growing demand for reform in our schools, for greater elasticity in the methods of teaching. Earnest men and women everywhere are in revolt against the stupid brutality of fitting children of diverse temperaments and gifts to a common system, and demanding a reversal of the process, that the educational system be fitted to the individual needs of the child. Care for the physical health of the child, for the too often sadly neglected factors of digestion, nutrition, hearing, vision, proper breathing and attention to the teeth, is everywhere growing. The home life and general environment of the child is considered as never before, and the functions of the school are extending to the homes, the streets, and even to social and political activities as never before.

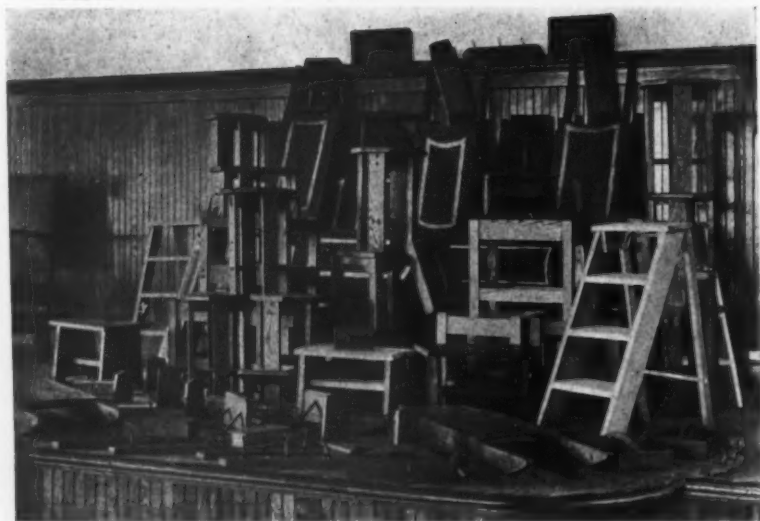
**B**ACK of all this protesting and demanding is an ideal, more or less consciously defined, of a perfect education of hand, heart and brain. This ideal, it has been felt by many, is unattainable except with very small groups of children, and wholly impossible in our public schools. If this be true, if the sacrifice of individuality is inevitable, then the loss to the nation is terrible to contemplate. Never in the world's history was there a nation to which the loss could be so great as to America, drawing its citizenship from the almost endless variety of the world's types.

There is, however, a growing army of earnest workers in the field of educational effort and experiment to whom this fear does not come. They believe that the ideal can be realized. Working, many of them, quietly and unostentatiously, they are building up a great fund of convincing achievement, slowly but surely silencing the pessimists and realizing the "impossible." Some of our public schools to-day, especially in New York city under Dr. Maxwell's courageous guidance, are reaching out and influencing the life of their communities in wonderful ways. And in some of our smaller cities and towns work of equal value is being done, often unrecognized.



AN INTERESTED GROUP OF CHILDREN  
WEAVING BASKETS

SHOWING THE EXCELLENT QUALITY OF WORK DONE  
AT YONKERS SCHOOL NUMBER TWELVE.



LONG BEFORE SCHOOL-TIME THE  
CHILDREN ARE BUSY AT WORK

THIS IS ALL THE WORK OF ALL THE  
CHILDREN, NOT SELECTED SPECIMENS

## SOCIAL SERVICE OF A CITY SCHOOL

Such a school is Public School Number Twelve, Yonkers, New York, of which Mrs. Elizabeth Sanborn Knapp is the directing force. The annual exhibition of the work done by the pupils of this school, recently held, attracted widespread attention on the part of educators, and was at once a splendid object lesson in practical achievement and a prophecy of the ultimate triumph of the ideal. The exhibition differed from most school exhibitions in that it did not consist of the best work of a few of the brightest children in each grade, but included specimens of *all* the work done by *all* the children of the school. The citizens of Yonkers are justly proud of their public schools. Under the guiding genius of Superintendent Charles E. Gorton, they have attained a very high standard of excellence, equal to the best in the country. In a city of splendid schools Mrs. Knapp has made her's pre-eminent in the things that are vital to the well-being of the children and of the community.

The school lies in the heart of a tenement district, and its eight hundred pupils are drawn mainly from the homes of factory workers engaged in the large carpet mills adjacent to it. There are about a dozen nationalities represented, Slavs being preponderant. The school is well equipped with all modern conveniences, including a workshop, shower baths for boys and girls, and individual hat and coat racks. There is a large, finely appointed kitchen, which serves as a cooking instruction center for several schools. Individual instruction, instead of classes, is the rule in this department, each girl having her own little gas stove and utensils. Printed copies of all recipes used in the lessons are provided for every child, printed upon stout, tough paper, a lesson to each card. The children are required to keep these cards with great care, so that by the end of the school year each girl has a complete Cook Book of practical value, every recipe of which she has practically tried under skilled supervision. If masculine criticism is permissible here, or of the least value, mine would be that the equipment is too perfect, the conditions in the kitchen generally too far removed from those which the girls can ever hope to find in their own homes. The helplessness at home, where the equipment is far from ideal, of girls who are expert enough at school is often pathetic, and is a striking criticism of the disregard of practical conditions by well-meaning theorists. But a man's criticism of a kitchen is proverbially to be despised.



## SOCIAL SERVICE OF A CITY SCHOOL

**M**RS. KNAPP came to her task in Yonkers with a rare practical equipment. She had taught wood carving in the George Junior Republic, and had charge of the Department of Clay Modeling, Wood Carving and Design at the State Industrial School at Rochester, her exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair winning a diploma. She has had other varied experience fitting her for her work, including manual training work in New York city, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, and Vacation School work in New York, Chicago and Yonkers. Her book on manual training, "Raphia and Reed Weaving," is in wide use, and has been adopted by the School Board of New York city.

From the foregoing it will be readily understood that manual training plays a very important part in the work of this school. Mrs. Knapp has long known what many other teachers are just beginning to realize, that a very large number of the dull and backward children to be found in all large schools are much more educable through this medium than any other. Much of this work is done out of school hours, both before and after. Long before the time for school work to begin, the children come in to weave little rugs and baskets, to make hammocks or toys, dolls' hats, aprons for themselves, or to cut paper designs, as the case may be. And for an hour or two after school hours they remain, without request or compulsion, happy in their work, fascinated by the creative idea. No work is permitted merely for the sake of the activity involved. Everything attempted must be useful to the child.

Paper-cutting has been developed in a most wonderful way. It is nothing but the literal truth to say that from the principal down there is not a teacher in the school who can equal the skill and deftness in the use of the scissors shown by many of the boys and girls. One boy of eleven I have seen perform quite wonderful feats in caricature and portrait work. The figures are cut out of white paper and pasted upon black backgrounds. In general the work done is illustrative of some story or nursery rhyme, the various incidents in "Mother Goose," "Mother Hubbard," "Cinderella," and other well-known nursery rhymes, being illustrated with much spirit, skill and imagination. No tracing is allowed, the cutting being entirely freehand. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this work as a means of developing the creative faculties. It leads to deftness of hand,

## SOCIAL SERVICE OF A CITY SCHOOL

alertness of mind, keenness of observation, and, not less important, a healthy play of the imagination.

Allied to the teaching of geography, this work is seen at its best from an educational viewpoint. Outline maps, either drawn in chalk upon the blackboard, or cut out in paper with the rivers and mountains shown in ink, form the basis of the work. Then, in place of towns and cities, birds, animals, people, plants, trees, flowers, reptiles and so on, are pasted on, the figures all being cut out and placed in their proper location. Thus, one map may be devoted to animals, another to plants and trees, or a map showing the two hemispheres may confine itself to the different races of mankind, or include all the foregoing. Some of these maps are naturally very curious and picturesque, recalling the work of the ancient geographers, who, according to the poet,

"On Afric's maps,  
With savage pictures filled the gaps;  
And o'er uninhabitable downs  
Strewed elephants for want of towns."

**R**ECENTLY, in philanthropic and social reform circles, there has been a good deal of discussion concerning the possibility of a more general use of the public school buildings for other than school work. The idea that, in the crowded districts of our cities, the magnificent, well-lighted and ventilated school buildings should be closed every evening, when they might be used for so many purposes, such as meeting rooms, club centers, reading rooms, and so on, is distinctly a narrow one. By some of the leaders of the social settlements it has been suggested that much of the work that is now done by these institutions could, with advantage, be transferred to the schools. "The schools for the people!" is a cry that is frequently heard in these days. In New York city the Board of Education has frankly faced this question and instituted some notable experiments in its evening recreation centers. A few other cities have done something in the same direction.

In Yonkers the need for such work is not less than in New York or any other of our large cities, and, while nothing has been done in an official way, the Board of Education has encouraged in a very practical manner the efforts of Mrs. Knapp and her loyal staff of

## SOCIAL SERVICE OF A CITY SCHOOL

volunteer teachers. Social settlement workers in the city admit that in this school the best sort of settlement work is being done. Club work for both boys and girls has been carried on ever since the school was first opened. Games and reading matter are provided, and instruction given in embroidery, hammock making, basketry, bead work, carpentry, and other useful crafts. The materials for this work are furnished by the Board of Education.

A sense of social service is inculcated in the children in various ways, one of the most important being window gardening. Hundreds of plants are raised each year by the children, from cuttings made in June, for winter bloom in the school-window boxes. The care of these plants is entirely undertaken by the boys and girls, who have great pride in their work. The school flower is the modest nasturtium, and for the past five years each child in the school has regularly raised two plants from seed—old tomato cans from neighboring "dumps" being utilized for pots—one of which the child gives for the decoration of some soldier's grave on Decoration Day, the other being taken home. Within fifteen minutes' walk from the school are the woods, where wild flowers grow in rich profusion, affording rare opportunities for nature study. Each visit to the woods is made the occasion of social service as well as of study, and the children frequently send large boxes filled with ferns and growing plants of wild flowers to their less fortunate fellows in the schools of the crowded districts of New York city. The Garden Club of the local Civic League having interested itself in the school, part of the playground was laid out in little garden plots last year and assigned to the care of a number of little girls whose homes overlook the school yard.

This social work among the children spreads, naturally, to their parents. The fathers and mothers are soon interested by the children's accounts of the "Club," and by the finished work they bring home. It is a most gratifying thing to see the parents watching their children work or play and entering into friendly relations with the teachers. It gives the teacher an influence over the parents, enabling her to deal, in some measure at least, with the home conditions of the children, greatly to their advantage. There is a school band of ninety members, most of whom own their own instruments. This helps enormously in the work with the parents, who flock to the school on the weekly rehearsal nights and seem to enjoy the discordant noises

## SOCIAL SERVICE OF A CITY SCHOOL

of the boys' practice almost as much as they would enjoy popular concerts. Then there are the monthly concerts, free to the public, given by the school band in the large assembly hall. People from the neighborhood crowd the school on these evenings, and a cordial relation between the principal and teachers of the school and the fathers and mothers of the children they teach is the result.

Mrs. Knapp and her loyal and devoted staff of teachers, who give freely so much of their time to this work, have solved no great problems. The vast social problems inherent in our industrial system remain. There is still the overcrowding, poverty, vice, and inefficiency challenging society to find the remedy. But they have shown that our public schools are capable of much greater social service than is usually realized, and in their school work proper they have pointed the way to the realization of William Morris's fine ideal of an education leading to a democracy of useful, joyful work and noble leisure. And that is no small achievement.

## REASSURANCE

NOW lucent splendors, amethyst and gold  
And clearest emerald, flood the Western sky,  
Though, all day long, dark clouds were heaped on high  
And angry winds went racing, icy-cold;  
But calm has come with sunset, and behold,  
Where late the pageantry of storm went by,  
What dream-like majesties of color lie  
Across the solemn depths of space unrolled,  
All beautiful things the heart of man can dream—  
Deep joy unfaltering, love fulfilled that fears  
No parting evermore nor any tears,  
Youth's dear desires like beacon-lights that gleam—  
When sunset's luminous miracle appears,  
How close, how sure, those heights of gladness seem!

—Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.



## SIMPLE LIFE IN JAPAN—ACHIEVED BY CONTENTMENT OF SPIRIT AND A TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF ART. BY MARGUERITE GLOVER



ANY of us dream of the simple life. Some strive for it; few attain it. An eminent author has said only those with great wealth and enormous strength can live it.

With the Japanese this is not so. The simplicity of their daily existence has been cultivated until it is an art. Each man's status in society is definitely fixed. It is the grade in which his forefathers lived and in which his children's children will live. There is no striving for a higher place. He is satisfied with his position, accepts it as a matter of course, and makes the most of it. Only by some overt evil act will he drop into a lower grade, and it must be a phenomenal deed or service to the state that will raise him even one degree higher in social rank.

This stability of position has an important influence upon the nation. No one wishes to appear different from what he really is, and as a consequence there is no greed for wealth. You will say this must kill ambition. If ambition is a struggle solely for money and position, then it does kill ambition, but it does not kill ambition to excel in one's own craft or calling.

With the struggle for wealth eliminated, the craftsman, the artisan, the mechanic have been able to take time to work in the most perfect and durable manner. It has been unnecessary for them to earn much money, as living has been cheap. The Japanese housewife is thrifty, and the needs of a family are few.

The fact that a Japanese is content in his own sphere is the keynote of the success of their simple life. It is of no value for him to make a false impression, so the element of show or push is left out.

We all know of the tiny proportions of a Japanese house, but we do not know of the ease and comfort taken in these houses. In considering the simple life of Japanese we must divest ourselves of western ideals and prejudices and look at existence from that point of view. For example, let us take a house near the Imperial Park in Kyoto, occupied by a college professor.

The day I first called there with a Japanese friend it seemed gemlike in the perfection of its smallness. Our interest in it was keen, for



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I hoped some day to have a similar house, and when the opportunity offered I boldly plied our host and hostess with questions.

THE house, a wooden structure twenty-four feet by twenty-five, was on a plot of land thirty feet front and fifty feet deep. It was shut in by an artistically made bamboo fence five feet high. The fence was solid, so no prying eyes might see in. As our "rickshaws" drew up to the gate my coolie dropped the shafts and knocked sharply. A sound of wooden clogs pattering over stones was heard, a bolt was drawn, and there stood the little maid, all smiles and bows. "Yes, the master and mistress were home. Would we honorably enter?"

Stepping down from the "rickshaws" we passed through the gate to the vestibule. There, leaving my shoes, and my friend and the maid their sandals, we entered the house in stocking feet.

The first room, a six-mat one, was nine by twelve feet. It was divided by sliding screens from the one next the garden, a corner room twelve feet wide and at that time twenty-four feet long. Through the center of this large room were the iron grooves in the floor and overhead for the sliding screens that at night would divide it into two sleeping-rooms, but as the day was warm and fair the screens had been lifted out and stacked away, leaving an unbroken space.

Sinking to our knees on the soft cushions laid on the floor, we awaited the arrival of our hostess. A patter of light feet, the sliding of a screen, and she appeared. Laying our outspread hands before us on the straw mats we made deep reverences in response to her bows of cordial greeting. Having brought with us as a gift a box of sweets, tied with the red and white gift string and the slip of paper folded like an arrow's sheaf, we slid it gently toward the little lady. She received it graciously, but, according to etiquette, neither touched or opened the box.

When formalities were over and we were pleasantly chatting, in walked the husband and professor just back from college.

His greeting was the antithesis of his wife's. Standing erect he shook hands with us, saying, "How do'do, glad to see you." Then *sotto voce* to me, "Can you stand the floor? for I am the proud possessor of two chairs, one of which I will gladly get you." Assuring him that I was perfectly comfortable on the floor, he sank down beside us

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on a cushion, remarking, "I myself prefer a chair when I am wearing European clothes."

Our first observation was, "What a lovely garden you have." To which he replied, "Yes, isn't it nice? Come out and have a look at it." Slipping our feet into sandals we found on the veranda we stepped down to the ground.

The garden was twenty by thirty feet and charmingly laid out. There was a tiny lake, a miniature mountain, a clump of dwarfed trees, some beautiful iris in bloom, several curiously shaped and highly prized stones, but not a spear of grass.

All this was concealed from the street and only to be seen from the rear of the house, where are invariably the best rooms.

"Dr. Nagai," I said, "tell me how much you pay for this place, as it is just such a one as I hope to have." "Isn't it too small for you?" he asked. "You Americans like space." "No," I answered, "when I am in Japan I want to do as the Japanese do, and not as we do in the States."

"I pay twenty yen a month," replied Dr. Nagai. "That is high rent for a professor, but the house is so near the college I can walk back and forth and come home for dinner. In that way I save the cost of a 'rickshaw' and one meal each day, so I can afford to pay a higher rent. As I have not repaid all the money I borrowed for my foreign education we must live closely until I am free from debt. To build such a house as this would cost twelve hundred yen, and the land is valued at six hundred yen."

**W**HEN we went inside he said to his wife, "Yoshi san, show our guests about. They would like to see how we live."

"There is but little more to show," she replied, "your study, the kitchen, and the bath are all that remains to be seen."

The space of twenty-four by twenty-five feet was divided as follows: One entered the vestibule, which was four by six feet. Next to that came the kitchen, four by eight feet; then a closet four by four feet, and last the bath, four by six feet. These small spaces reached across the front of the house. Then came two rooms, nine by twelve feet, and the front ones twelve feet square.

The small room we had passed through was pure Japanese, the second one as near like a foreign professor's study as Dr. Nagai could



JAPANESE DOORWAY, SHOWING FINE, SIMPLE STRUCTURAL  
LINES AND CRAFTSMAN-LIKE USE OF BAMBOO, AND  
INCIDENTALLY A PRETTY SOCIAL COURTESY



"DINNER IS SERVED"

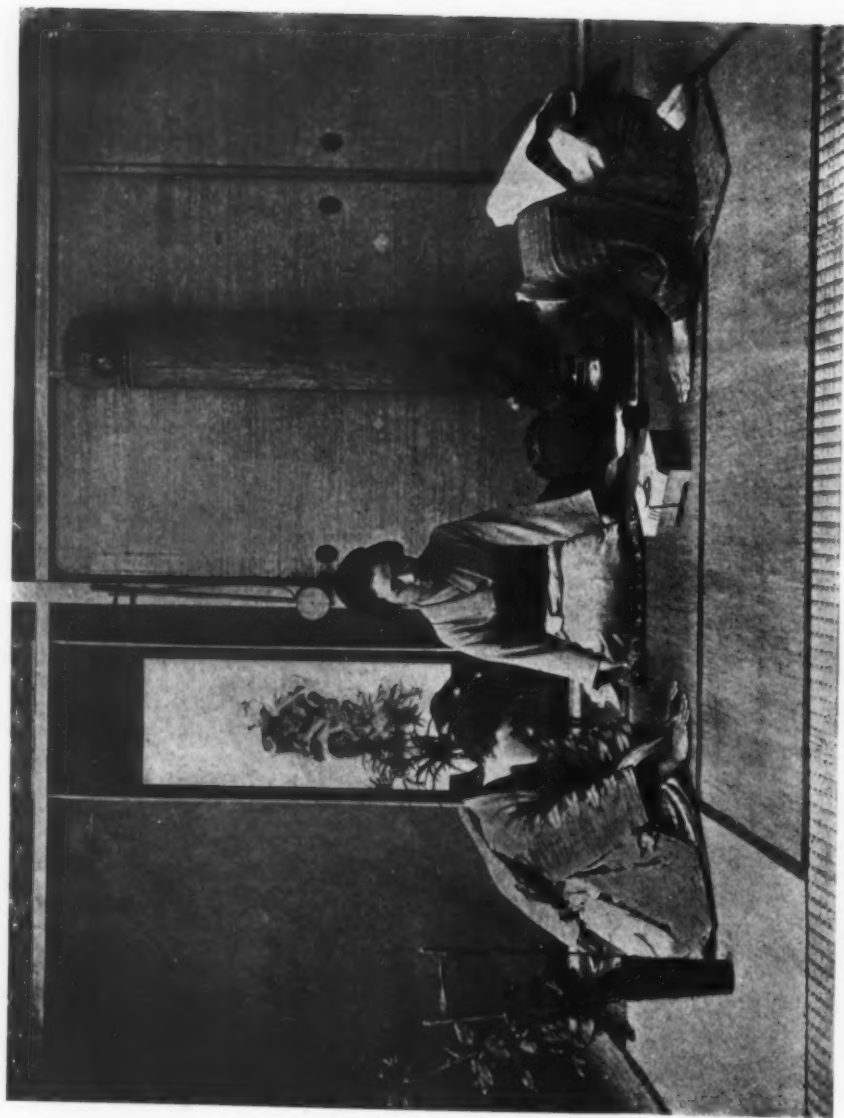
PREPARING THE MEAL IN A JAPANESE KITCHEN



EVEN LAUNDRY WORK IS  
A PICTURESQUE CEREMONY

TO COOK A MEAL IN JAPAN IS TO MAKE  
YOURSELF INTO A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE





PRESENTING THE GIFT-BOX AT A FORMAL CALL

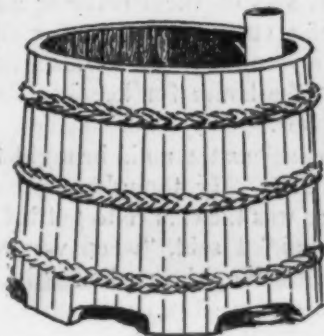
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afford to make it. His furniture consisted of a working table that took the place of a desk, and cost less; a revolving bookcase, a bookcase made of pine boards that covered the nine feet of dividing screen and reached to the ceiling; two wooden kitchen chairs and a stool. Books, all scientific works in German and English, filled the cases, covered the table, and overflowed on the floor. The floor was bare boards, as the legs of chairs and tables would destroy straw mats, and a rug was expensive. The room was ugly bare.

The hideousness of our poverty forced itself on my mind. Why need our cheap furniture be so brutally ugly? Things in Japan could be cheap and yet be durable and artistic. Quickly reading my thoughts, Dr. Nagai said, "You don't like my study. It is ugly, but it is the books that count. I love my books."

Sliding back a wooden door in a wooden partition he said, "Here is comfort, simplicity and prettiness all combined."

It was the bathroom, a tiny space four by six feet. In it were four objects, a stool to sit upon when washing oneself before getting into the bath; a shining brass wash-basin; a wooden pail and dipper, in which to fetch the bath water; and the tub. The tub, like most private baths, was round, casket-shaped, and made of whitewood. It was perhaps thirty inches in diameter and twenty-seven inches high. A copper funnel, or tube, passing through the bottom went up inside close to the edge. This, filled with lighted charcoal, supplied heat for the water. The pipe was higher than the tub, so the water could not leak inside. A few transverse bars of wood fitted into grooves and formed a protection so the bather could kneel in the tub without coming in contact with the hot pipe. The walls of the room were of white-grain, the floor of slight slope and water might flow through a bamboo gutter and pipe to the yard. A moon-shaped lattice-window high up let in air provision for more outside walls for ceiling were lat-slats. As a ventilation the two a foot below the tice of bamboo



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As my eye traveled from object to object I quickly sized up the cost. For the tub eight yen, and it would last indefinitely; two yen for the brass basin; fifty sen for the pail and dipper, and twenty-five sen for the stool. Eleven yen would fit up my bathroom, and I asked for nothing nicer.

"Would you like to see the kitchen?" the wife inquired. "It is very small and very dirty." "Indeed we should," I replied, for rarely had I been in a truly Japanese kitchen. The little wife was half right—it was very small, being four feet by eight, but it was not very dirty. In fact it was spotlessly clean. There was no range and no oven. In their place were two plaster contrivances of one hole each into which were poked short pieces of wood or charcoal and on top of which were placed the pots and pans. In a small cupboard containing a few shelves and a couple of drawers were the cups, bowls, chopsticks, and trays used for serving the meals and the few pots, pans, spoons and knives for cooking and preparing the food. There were no chairs or table, as the Japanese sit on their heels when doing kitchen work. The maid, squatting before one fire-pot was watching the rice boiling for the evening meal. When the fire flagged she brightened it by blowing through a bamboo tube or fanning it, and all the while she fed it with faggots about as large as a lead pencil.

**B**ETWEEN the kitchen and bathroom was the square closet. Sliding back the door (there was not a hinged, swinging door in the house) we were shown the bedding neatly stowed away. A chest containing Madam's garments stood on the floor, and on shelves were the dress suit of the Professor and his native clothes. With the exception of a cupboard and a few drawers in the *chigai-dana* and the box-like receptacle for sandals in the vestibule, there was no other place in the house for keeping one's possessions, so it behooved one to have few.

Returning to our cushions the maid brought tea, and we sat down prepared for a long chat. My thoughts were still running on the cost of things, and here was the chance to get information.

"Tell me, Dr. Nagai," I said, "when you rented this house did you furnish the mats?" "No," he replied, "the mats were supplied. The rent would have been several yen a month less could I have bought my own mats, but I had not the money. These two rooms," he con-

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tinued, "are eight-mat rooms each, and the smaller one contains six mats. A good mat costs at least five yen, so for them I should have had to pay one hundred and twenty yen. The first things we buy when my foreign expenses are paid will be fresh, new mats, and with care they will last us our life."

"What we brought to the house," he added, "were our kitchen furnishings, our clothes, bedding, the ornaments for the *tokonoma* and *chigai-dana*, my books and study fittings, and the *hibachis* and *tabako-bon*."

In the room where we sat were two recesses or alcoves called *tokonomas*. Before one of them my cushion had been placed as an evidence that I was the guest of honor. The *tokonomas* were at opposite ends of what in a house of ours would be the outside walls, so when the dividing screens, or *fusuma*, were in place a *tokonoma* would be in each room. They were the beauty spots of the house. Besides the *tokonoma* recess, there is usually a second and smaller one called *chigai-dana*. These *tokonomas* were three feet wide and two feet deep. The floor, raised six inches above that of the mats, was one slab of polished wood. In the center of the *tokonoma* was a rare bronze vase in which was a beautiful floral arrangement. Above the vase a scroll picture, called *kakemono*, hung. The ornament on the *chigai-dana* was a dwarf tree.

Besides the linen cushions upon which we sat, the only other objects in the room were two *hibachis* and a *tabako-bon*. The *hibachis* were the fire-bowls upon which rested the ever-present water-pot for boiling the tea-water. They were both so handsome it was evident they were heirlooms or wedding gifts; one was of rare porcelain; the other of wood inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl. An *hibachi* is a necessity in every household. Besides boiling the tea-water it serves as the only means of heating. On cold days when *shoji* and *fusuma* (inside and outside screens) are closed, the family will crouch around the *hibachis*, warming their hands and wrists over the glowing coals, and small as the fire is it really does temper the room. The *tabako-bon* was a new and cheap affair, costing perhaps fifty cents, but it was dainty and in good taste. It was a wooden box ten inches square. In it was a hollow section of bamboo and a small porcelain bowl containing a heap of ashes, on top of which sparkled a few live

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coals. The bamboo was an ash receiver and the bowl gave light for smokers.

THE little wife drew out her tiny pipe and took her three puffs from it, while the professor smoked his native cigarette as we talked. "I spent four years in New Haven and two years in Berlin," Dr. Nagai said. "In those costly cities it was hard to live cheaply, but here our needs are so few money goes a long way. Our one servant does easily all the work, and we pay her thirty yen a year. To be sure, my wife gives her a kimono now and again, but they cost only a yen apiece. She lived with my wife's mother, and is trained so she can make up ripped garments and do all necessary sewing. When my wife has guests she prepares and serves the meal so well we need only buy sweets." "Can she wash?" I asked heedlessly, with my mind still on the possible house of my own. "Our wash is so small she can easily do it," he replied. "With you it would be necessary to send your clothes to a laundry, as I do my foreign garments."

Then I remembered that in a Japanese household there were no tablecloths, napkins, sheets, pillow-cases or curtains to be done up, for none of these were used. The meals were served on individual lacquer trays, and each person carried in his sleeve a paper napkin that was destroyed when soiled. The bedding consisted of *futon*s, heavy wadded comfortables. One laid on the floor served as a bed, and a second one furnished all the covering necessary. Pillows were curved wooden blocks or hard rolls of rice husk, and over these each night was tied a sheet of fresh, white paper. The Japanese take so many hot baths, two a day being the usual number, that their garments do not become soiled as do ours. When their kimonos are dirty they either wash them intact, in tiny tubs, before which they crouch, or rip them up and wash out the pieces.

Their drying process takes the place of our ironing, for they never use an iron. The ripped pieces, very wet, will be spread smooth and flat on long boards. These boards are then stood against the sides of the house in the sun and air. When dry the material is carefully pulled off and will be as stiff and smooth as if it had been starched and ironed.

"Do tell me what your other expenses are?" I asked. "Fuel," he answered, "costs about twenty-five yen a year, light ten yen, and ten



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yen a year I pay to the government for my house tax. Then there is the item of clothes. Mine are expensive, for I must have both foreign and native, but my wife was so well provided at our marriage that she has bought nothing since. Last year I spent fifty yen on clothes. Our food costs us about a hundred yen. You know there is never any waste in a Japanese kitchen, and every morsel cooked is eaten."

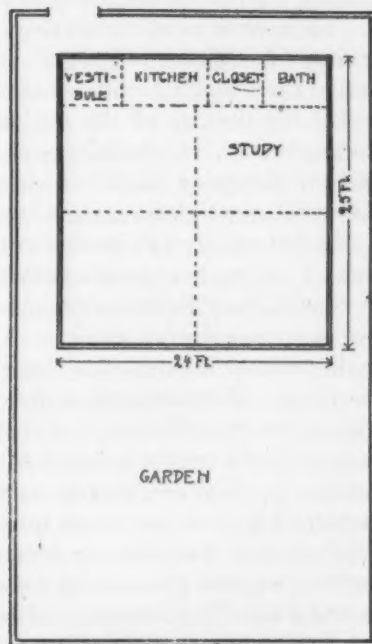
Taking a note-book from his pocket he jotted down these items:

Rent .....	240 yen
House tax .....	10 "
Wages .....	30 "
Fuel .....	25 "
Light .....	10 "
Clothes .....	50 "
Food .....	100 "

465 yen

"Four hundred and sixty-five yen," he said. "Yes, that is close to what we spent, for my salary is eight hundred yen a year, and I paid off two hundred yen of my debt. There is only a hundred and fifty yen left," he added thankfully; "so this year, unless there is sickness, I can pay all I owe, start an account in the savings bank and perhaps buy a book or two."

Four hundred and sixty-five yen, two hundred and thirty-two and a half of our dollars, and a college professor of applied science could live comfortably on it in a delightful little nest of a house in a good neighborhood.



## THE SPIRITUAL REGENERATION OF DREYFUS: BY JOHN SPARGO



VERY lover of justice and liberty must rejoice at the splendid vindication of Alfred Dreyfus. After eleven years of suffering and struggle almost unparalleled in modern times, the victim of an infamous conspiracy is restored to the position from which foul treachery deposed him and his innocence is proclaimed to the world. Justice, leaden-footed and slow Justice, triumphs at last.

There is no need for a recapitulation here of the story of the great drama, "*L'Affaire Dreyfus*." How an obscure Alsatian Jew, a captain in the French Army, became a great world-figure upon whose fate rested the destiny of the second greatest republic in the world, is a familiar story. It challenges comparison with another human story—that of the poor Gallilean Jew whose ignominious death has produced the most glorious memory of all the memories of human history.

But there are two scenes in the drama which rise inevitably to the mental vision, two great climacteric events: In the broad courtyard of the Military School a human square has been formed, made up of five thousand French soldiers. Into the center of the square marches a soldier whose uniform proclaims him to be a captain in the Fourteenth Artillery. He halts before the Commanding General who greets him with words that fill his eyes with tears, flush his cheeks and burn his soul. Called a traitor unworthy of his sword and uniform, he is publicly degraded. His uniform is ripped and shorn of its glistening ornaments. His sword is broken into pieces and flung to the ground as the supreme sign of dishonor and degradation. A light flashes in the Captain's eyes—the light of defiance—born of the centuries of oppression suffered by his race—and he shouts, "*Vive la France!* I swear I am innocent." But his cries are drowned by answering shouts of derision. The courtyard reverberates with cries of "Judas!" and "death to the traitor!" The legions of injustice dance a saraband of unholy triumph around the despised and forlorn Jew.

Another scene, the last in the great drama: Eleven years of awful shame and suffering stretch like a cloud between the first scene and this last. In the Parliament of France, amid intense excitement, M. Etienne, Minister of War, rises and presents a bill on behalf of the Government restoring the degraded Captain of Artillery to the Army with promotion. A decision of the Supreme Court, he says, "has ju-

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dicially and definitely established the innocence of the accused, involving *ipso facto* his reinstatement in the army and expunging his condemnation. The Government, powerless to repair the immense material and moral injury sustained by the victim of a deplorable judicial error, desires to place Dreyfus in the situation he would have occupied if his normal career had not been interrupted."

The Government, he adds, intends to inscribe the name of Alfred Dreyfus on the list of candidates for the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The grave President of the Chamber, M. Brisson, in announcing the decision says simply, "it is with pride that I register this vote consecrating the triumph of virtue." It is a speech destined to live long in the political annals of the nation.

**T**HE triumph of Dreyfus and his brave allies, including among the very greatest of these, his devoted wife, is majestic and complete. The stain of treason is wiped from his name, a new sword is his, and a more lustrous uniform. But infinitely more important than the triumph of Dreyfus is the triumph of France, of Justice.

Apart from the political consequences to the French nation, there is no fact of greater significance in all the momentous events of the terrible drama than the spiritual regeneration of Dreyfus himself. Herein lies a splendid theme for the moralist and the psychologist. What is the secret of the saint-like character which Dreyfus displays in the hour of his triumph, challenging and compelling the admiration of the world? In the popular and complete revulsion of feeling which accompanies his rehabilitation vast power of revenge comes to Dreyfus. It is natural that, with his innocence perfectly established, knowledge of the awful suffering and indignities borne by him for a decade should create a desire for reparation in the hearts of his countrymen. But Dreyfus makes no demands for the punishment of his enemies, asks no compensation; his only demand is restoration to rank in the army, and the proclamation by that act of his innocence. The simple dignity of the man, his sweetness and entire freedom from vindictiveness, have won the admiration of the world.

Dreyfus was not always the idealist he has shown himself to be since his return from "Devil's Isle," and, conspicuously, in the hour of his supreme vindication, according to the most reliable accounts,

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he was regarded by his colleagues in the army as a vain, aggressive and ill-natured churl. Even his most devoted advocates have never attempted to disguise the fact of his generally unprepossessing and repellent nature prior to his conviction. One of his most stalwart defenders, an eminent man who had made tremendous sacrifices in the bitter campaign for justice, declared to the writer, "Personally Dreyfus is a pig—it is the cause I fight for, not the man." Under the circumstances, therefore, the moral grandeur of the man in the hour of strength and victory assumes extraordinary proportions and unusual interest. How shall we account for his spiritual refinement and regeneration under conditions which might well have coarsened and embittered a much finer character? Was it the suffering and oppression during so many of the best years of his life which softened and ennobled him, as centuries of oppression seem to have produced extraordinary idealism in his race, or are there other factors?

**W**E ARE familiar enough with the idea that adversity and pain make for sweetness and nobility of character.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

It is not an attractive view to take of life, that virtue can only be propagated by pain and anguish, yet it is incontrovertible that certain kinds of suffering at least do soften and sweeten the character of the sufferers, just as certain forms of adversity ennoble and strengthen those whom they do not wreck and overwhelm. But when, as in the case of Dreyfus, the suffering is the result of a deliberate conspiracy of injustice, it most often destroys faith in mankind, breeds cynicism and infidelity, with resulting bitterness and desire for revenge. Jesus could pray, "Forgive! they know not what they do," but Dreyfus lived with the sickening consciousness forever growing in intensity that his enemies had deliberately conspired against him and woven a huge fabric of forgery and lies to crush him. All the more remarkable, therefore, is the spiritual development of the man to the stature of one of the world's greatest moral heroes. With the Psalmist, Dreyfus can say, "I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself



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like a green bay-tree. Yet he passed away, and lo! he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." But greater than this personal triumph is the world's recognition that he has passed through the fire of sorrow and suffering as gold through a refiner's furnace, and emerged glorified and regenerated.

It may well be, however, that other factors than the awful anguish and torment of body and soul which he has endured have produced, or at any rate assisted, this splendid transformation. When we think of the magnificent, chivalrous sacrifices made in his interest by the greatest men in the nation, the flower of intellectual and moral France, the thought suggests itself that the awakening of the soul of Dreyfus may have been, in large part, a response to these. Rarely in human history has a helpless victim of injustice had such doughty and brilliant champions. Zola, the most eminent literateur of modern France, threw caution and self-interest to the winds, and challenged the conspirators with a courage like Luther's, pouring forth his challenges and accusations with torrential eloquence. Reviled, impoverished, condemned to prison for his brave, stern adherence to the cause of Justice, his vindication comes to his grave and enshrines his dust. Labori, sacrificing professional interests and opportunities, shot in the back by cowardly and affrighted foes, cared only for Justice and the fair fame of France. Piquart exposed the infamous Esterhazy, though he well knew that his deed meant dismissal and degradation. Clemenceau, Guyot and Lazare staked their all for justice, and shook France to its foundations by their burning, inspired letters to the press. Jaures, the Socialist leader, risked political power and popularity when he hurled the thunderbolts of his wonderful oratory at the citadels of entrenched wrong. It is surely not to be wondered at that the moral heroism of such men as these should appeal to all the latent good in the man whose suffering called it into being.

Whatever the cause or causes may have been, the spiritual regeneration of Alfred Dreyfus is one of the most inspiring facts in the long drama. When the dust of the conflict has had time to settle, and the excitement of the struggle has passed, it will be seen that the rehabilitation of the exile of Devil's Isle is a triumph for Justice long outraged, a glory to France, and an inspiration of faith in the ultimate power of virtue for all humanity. *Vive Dreyfus! Vive la France! Vive l'Humanite!*



## A CRAFTSWOMAN IN AGRICULTURE: BY ELISA H. BADGER



THIS is a far cry from the little red schoolhouse on the top of the hill to the children of the tenements and public schools, to the homeless waifs of the cities, to "the children who toil," but that cry is gaining strength in the life work of such men as Dr. Barnado, Felix Adler, Jacob Riis and others who have taken up the battle of these little waifs against the world. And now comes to us from the hills the voice of a woman, ringing out true and clear to the discouraged workers of the world, to fathers and mothers and to helpless waifs, and the call is an invitation back to the fields, to live and work in God's out-of-doors, where there is room and work for all, to enjoy the things that are theirs by divine right. From the ozone-laden fields of "Erskine Grange" and "Aloha Farm," having successfully proven that the fields give their reward for work well done, in "full measure, running over," Mrs. Emma Erskine Hahn sends forth her message to the poor and the disheartened crowded within city walls. Says a Salvation Army Lassie, "Is there a more pathetic sight than a well, strong, honest man, anxious to work, driven by discouragement beyond the reach of hope?" When Mrs. Florence Kelley was urging the passage of the bills against child labor, she incidentally asked, "Why are there so many fatherless children who are forced to go to work before they are able?" "One of the causes," was the answer, "is lack of protection to the working-man." Therefore is the wealth of the country largely built up on the labor of children. The hands that make vast fortunes do not hesitate to throttle the child in the accumulation of riches.

To the workingman, to the fathers of these destitute children Mrs. Hahn says, "Come back to the soil, where you need no 'protection', but God's mercy and your own honest endeavor, for it is written: 'Thou shalt work by the sweat of thy brow, but not by the breaking of thy heart.'" She pleads to take the children out of the factories and sweat-shops, to teach them how to plant and grow things—children are natural gardeners, they love to grub. To the college boys and young men about to enter the already over-crowded professions, she says, "Try manual labor, take up the field of agriculture; learn there what true freedom is!"

Here is one instance of many—a man out of employment, with a family to support, had an opportunity offered him to work a farm

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on shares. He was one of the class who sincerely wanted work—and here is a practical lesson. A woman of means furnished the capital; the man the labor. An abandoned farm of a hundred acres was bought in Vermont, and well stocked. As this man had no money and no credit it was arranged that he could draw ten dollars a month for groceries at the country store. On this basis he worked early and late. An abandoned farm was redeemed by his good management. The profit of the last year, after deducting interest on all money invested, netted \$970. Four cows, two hundred chickens, forty brood sows were on hand. He has now nearly paid for the land, and is blessing the day he left a big city for the country. "As for myself," says Mrs. Hahn, "I dare not tell you how well I have done. I have actually made everything in farming pay, and pay well. In the redeeming of abandoned farms, I claim, and am prepared to prove, that it pays; I must eliminate the truck gardener, as I know little of his life or conditions; it is the general farmer of the New England states that I speak of."

Farming of to-day and that of twenty years ago are not the same; it has become a science. The class of men and women who are now interested are earnest students, hence our agricultural schools and government stations.

Within the last few years the telephones have reached the farmers' homes; along with the rural telephone came the rural mail-carrier with daily papers, letters and magazines; with all these came new ideas, and the once isolated farms are now in touch with the important daily news of the world.

There is less general farming nowadays. The farmer is a specialist, as well as the doctor and scientist. One woman has put fifteen acres in sweet potatoes and peach trees, and has paid off her mortgage, as she might not if she had done general farming. A man secured a patch of eight acres and bought four hundred leghorns; to-day he sells the cocks at one dollar each. Last year he made one thousand dollars.

One man plants English walnuts. It is estimated that if one hundred farmers had planted a dozen English walnut trees in 1876, when Norman Pomeroy came home from the Philadelphia Centennial and planted seven nuts in his door-yard, the crops would have been worth a million dollars to-day. But it takes brains as well as brawn; if

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only to take a farm on shares a man must have the capacity for work.

There is no greater solution for the labor question than farming. The Countess of Warwick and others are proving in England that agriculture is for women as well as men. If this is true in England why not in America?

Mrs. Hahn's plea to the thousands of laborers who want to do their part in the world's economy is to leave the over-crowded city, with its saloons and sweat-shops, be independent of charity bureaus and lodging-houses, go out into the land, and learn to farm with some good farmer. "Don't try a hundred acres," is her advice, "until you can manage one. Don't try to raise all kinds of vegetables, fruits or grains. Take one kind, study it well, raise it so perfectly and of such good quality that you will not have to hunt for buyers. The buyers will hunt for you! Out in Oklahoma storekeepers offer prizes to the farmers who raise the best crops. They say it helps their business to have farmers raise good crops.

From an eighty-acre orchard, Mrs. Ellis, near Oklahoma City, recently sold \$8,000 dollars' worth of apples in one season, and then sold the farm for \$20,000 to a man who thought he could do better.

Some wonderful fortunes are made out on those big Western farms. So vast are they, it is said of them that the mortgage falls due on one end before it is recorded on the other. The Western farmer is the wonder of the world to-day. But some wonderful things, if on a smaller scale, are accomplished in New England, and in nothing more than the redeeming of the brush lots and dismantled homesteads. Nature is at her best in New England. The soil is fertile, easily cultivated, and not a few little tricks are played upon her, making her do double duty. One thrifty New Englander is a farmer in summer, an ice man in winter. He owns a ten-acre lot with a lake on it. In winter he dams up the lake and cuts ice; in summer he drains that same meadow and cuts hay.

The reclaiming of these lands means opportunity for many a weary city worker; it means a chance for children to flourish; it means relief for the terrible congestion of suffering humanity in the cities.

It is most interesting to come under the spell of Mrs. Hahn's enthusiasm on the reclaiming of abandoned farms, of which she has made such a brilliant success. It is equally interesting to learn that this craftswoman in agriculture is a descendant of the well-known



THE ANGORA GOAT BRED ON A RE-  
CLAIMED NEW ENGLAND FARM

TEXAS AND CALIFORNIA TYPES AT  
ERSKINE GRANGE, STAMFORD, CONN.



MRS. EMMA E. HAHN AND AN  
ALDERNEY OF HER OWN RAISING

ALOHA LODGE—MRS. HAHN'S  
RECLAIMED FARM AT STAMFORD



## A CRAFTSWOMAN IN AGRICULTURE

Erskine family of England and Scotland. One of her antecedents, Lord Erskine, was the Henry Bergh of England, the first man to start a movement in that country to establish a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, in which endeavor he met with great difficulty and opposition, the idea was so novel and unheard of.

Emma Erskine Hahn was born in St. John's Wood, London, and came to America some thirty years ago; she has traveled over a great part of the world, having visited Europe, China, Japan and India. In early life a royalist and aristocrat, she is now a socialist. While bitterly opposed to anarchy or violence, she holds that socialism is the only hope for improving the condition of the masses. Her early education was merely a training for society according to the fashion of that period for the daughters of well-to-do Englishmen. In later years, being reduced to comparative poverty, she invested the little money left in an abandoned farm. She had no trade, no knowledge of manual labor, but she loved the country and decided to put what knowledge she had of it to a practical purpose.

Then she started out to find a farm all grown over with weeds. It was found in the hills above Stamford, Conn., with a magnificent view, plenty of pure water, and rich indeed in weeds. Here she installed her goats and started out to clear the land and breed Angoras. Her abandoned farm she called Erskine Grange.

This mistress of the Grange is now the owner of three farms in that vicinity. She has become such an authority on practical farming that she is constantly applied to for information concerning methods of getting best results from the soil. An old farmer was greatly amused to see her in the field, teaching a green hand the proper way to turn the sod with a side-hill plough.

Mrs. Hahn is an active member of State and National Grange, and often addresses the meetings. She has a vivacious, clear-cut, concise way of speaking, she is full of magnetism for her audience, and easily converts to her point of view because she sincerely believes in it herself.

To use her own words at a Grange meeting: "My work and success is but the development that will come to any human butterfly, who, after trying in vain to find pleasure in a thoughtless, selfish life, turns to the country, to simple living and working, and thus in touch with Nature finds health, happiness and God." As to the vexed question

## A CRAFTSWOMAN IN AGRICULTURE

of hired help on the farm, Mrs. Hahn thinks there is but one intelligent treatment of it. "Hire help," she says, "on the commission basis, or co-operative idea, with a good deal of the golden rule thrown in. Then the employed feels that he is working for himself, that he has a share in the income as well as the prosperity of the farm. If by his skill and good judgment he has increased its value he should have a share in that increase. Above all, don't turn off a faithful worker in the winter because there is nothing to do. There is plenty of work to be done, if thrifty farmers want to be ready for the coming spring and summer."

Like many other women, Mrs. Hahn is a great champion of industrial education. She believes that in it lies the only cure for poverty and crime. Experience shows us that the professions are over-crowded with people who could use their talents to far better advantage as tillers of the soil. College education is a good thing for those who can make good use of it, but many thousands of college men and women are suffering for want of employment who would be successful had they received an industrial education.

Already the trend of education is leading that way, in Professor Adler's Ethical Culture Schools, the Recreation Center for City Children, the DeWitt Clinton, and other parks, and the Neighborhood Settlements; and in all these vital questions Mrs. Emma Hahn takes a deep interest, as sympathetic as it is practical. She is as charming and womanly in her personality as she is vigorous in her work, a rare combination.

Beside the breeding of sanitary hogs, Mrs. Hahn has successfully raised turkeys, bees and fruits. The enterprise of Angora goat raising bids fair to eclipse all other ventures. But these interesting details are for another day.

In her love for country life Mrs. Hahn is not alone; others have tried it, and proved it was not only good, but better than many other things. It is said that "every farmer wants to be a school teacher, every school teacher wants to be an editor, every editor would like to be a banker, every banker would like to be a trust magnate, and every trust magnate hopes some day to own a farm, and have chickens and cows and pigs to look after. We end where we begin." And so indeed the old cry "Back to Nature" is heard on all sides, and there seems to be a real hunger among the wealthy for the genuine freshness

## A CRAFTSWOMAN IN AGRICULTURE

and simplicity of living. Dutch cottages, bungalows and camps are replacing country palaces; stuffy furniture, bric-a-brac and the so-called luxuries are being superceded by the greater luxury of living amid simple surroundings, with the birds, streams and woods, but Mrs. Emma Hahn's message has a deeper significance.

Mrs. Hahn pleads that the coming generation of children shall not be turned into so many automatons, compassed by the variety and number of books passed at the percentage of ninety-eight. She wants to see the children taught the use of the plane and mortar, planting seeds and watching them as they grow, the little ones given a chance to grub in the ground and make mud pies, then, perhaps, may be relegated to the past the pathetic child of Tom Hood's story, "who had nothing to play with between the walls of the tenements but two bricks and a dead kitten."

When ten million of our inhabitants live in dire poverty, when seventy thousand people fill its jails, when it is estimated that in the United States to-day more than sixty thousand children are working, half-formed, half-grown, play-loving children, going short of food and air in the streets of sorrows, there must be something decidedly wrong with our systems. And so the message comes from the hills full of strength and courage and practical suggestions calling to the workers in the crowded cities to come and plough the fields, and learn there the many thousand simple ways of living and working.

In her last address, before the Connecticut State Grange, Mrs. Hahn said: "If boys and girls the world over can be encouraged to get back to the soil, by any words of mine, let them go forth with a blessing to all."



## TO IMPROVE MORTUARY SCULPTURE: THE CEMETERY IN THE HANDS OF THE LANDSCAPE GARDENER AND ARTIST



At the present moment there is taking place at Wiesbaden an exposition which has come into existence mainly to promote improvement in the art of mortuary sculpture, held under the auspices of the Wiesbaden Society of Arts. It is with much justice held that the statuary and sculpture of the graveyard should keep pace with the progress which is shown in other branches of the sculptor's craft. Our grandfathers showed much more fertility in invention and much more resourcefulness in execution in their memorial monuments. The exemplars which they left for posterity to gaze upon are still copied with tedious fidelity by their grandsons, and up till 1880 no new ideas can be said to have been generally adopted. To call the generally prevailing style of to-day one barren of ideas and without soulfulness is to describe it with leniency.

It was left to the German sculptor, Hildebrand, to impart some life and poetry to an almost decayed craft by combining architecture with the plastic art. There are not wanting, however, other pioneers in new forms and tastes who deserve well of their brethren of the world of sculpture. We present these examples of German style to our readers, about each of which it may be said that if it does not quite idyllicise Death, at least gives to the Pale Ghost a breath of poetry, which removes from the mind of the spectator much of what is so morbid in the suggestiveness of the average mortuary monuments.

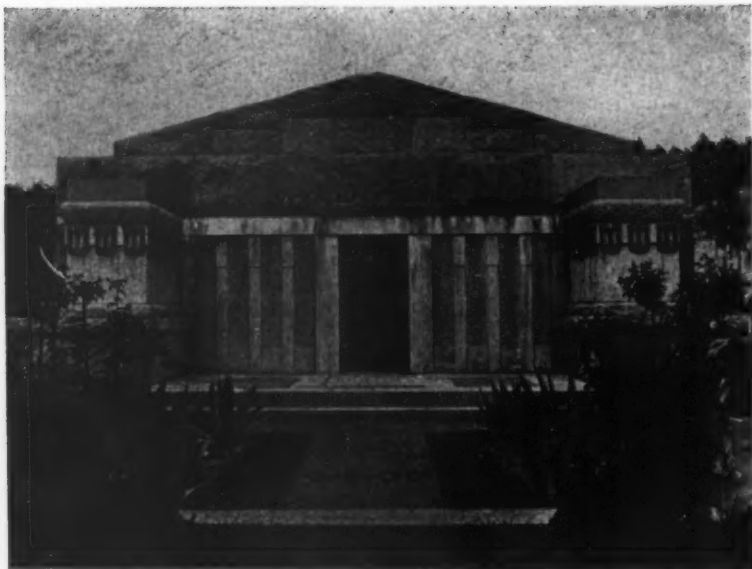
The work of the architect, Langheinrich, of Munich, consisting of a memorial design after Bocklin's "Shrine of Hercules," can best be appreciated by a study of the accompanying illustration. No more poetic resting-place can be imagined for the remains of a being who has played an heroic role in his transitory passage through life. One can easily fancy that in some class necropolis of old such a tomb may have enshrined the ashes of a warrior or orator who had carried the fame of Rome or Greece to the furthest bounds of the known world. The marble tomb is enclosed by walls built of solid blocks of rough granite surmounted by a simple capital of white marble, underneath which grow clematis, creeper and evergreen, their offshoots hanging upon the eaves of a gateway heaving embossed.



*From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration*

FAMILY VAULT IN GERMAN RENAISSANCE STYLE  
ZIESEL AND FRIEDRICH, ARCHITECTS





*From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration*  
Johann Rander, Architect



*From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration*  
Ludwig von Munch, Architect

AN EBERSWALDE MAUSOLEUM ERECTED FOR  
THE FAMILY OF CLEMENS SCHREIER

MEMORIAL DESIGN AFTER BOECKLIN'S  
SHRINE OF HERCULES

## TO IMPROVE MORTUARY SCULPTURE

**M**ORE grandiose, but hardly less poetic, is an Eberswalde mausoleum erected for the family of Clemens Schreiber. In outward form, the facsimile of a temple, one can imagine it, adjoining an Acropolis. With the Grecian outline there is intermingled a hint of Egyptian art in the decorative triplices which hang down from the sub-capitals of the chariform projections at either end of the pile. With a terrace covered with exotic evergreens and a chain, the emblem of sanctuary, the whole combines into an effect of a classic temple which has the idea of an inviolable last resting-place. This is the work of Johannes Baader, of Dresden, and it need hardly be said that this example of his has found numerous imitators. The columns are of polished white marble, the rest of the monument is of rough granite.

A much simpler monument is in the German Renaissance style, with center panels and columns of polished granite, each column surmounted by a statuesque female figure, bearing a wreath and draped in the classic style of the classic mourner, wearing the wimple characteristic of the walking chamber. At the base is the tombstone with its ponderous rings of iron, the mourning tone being further accentuated by the nether-paneling of black marble.

These three types will afford the reader some idea of what is being done to raise the mortuary art to something higher than its present dead-level of soullessness and often unmeaning tawdriness.

If money is to be spent to celebrate immortality, then it would seem that a dual purpose should be accomplished, and that mortuary sculpture should be planned to add to the attractiveness of a landscape rather than to be allowed to sadden the spirit of even most impersonal beholder.



## A SUMMER HOME ABOVE THE CLOUDS



**AMONG** the peaks of Mount Wilson, high above the golden dust-haze that veils the plains and valleys of Southern California from the time the rains cease early in April until they begin again late in October, some ingenious men have built a summer home for people seeking to escape from the scorching heat and pitiless brilliance below. It is not a hotel, it is not a camp—and yet it is both. It is cottage life with all the bothersome work of housekeeping removed and all the freedom and seclusion left undisturbed. The site of it is scattered all over the mountain-top, so that the selection of one's surroundings is as free as in an individual camp, and yet other people are near enough to take away the feeling of loneliness and desolation that so often comes to civilized man—and so inevitably to civilized woman—in the remoteness of the high mountains.

On a plateau large enough to give room for the necessary surroundings is the central building—the hotel, if it can be called a hotel. This is a low, widespread bungalow, and contains only the office, living-room, dining-room, kitchen and four bedrooms for the servants. The building is primitive in style, as it should be, and might almost have grown from its rugged environment. In fact, to a large extent, it has, for it is built from wood native to the mountains and is shaped to endure the mountain winds and storms. Even the larger pieces of furniture were made on the mountain-top, for everything brought from shops and factories had to be carried on the backs of sure-footed little burros up the steep and narrow trails where no wagon could pass.

The big living-room is a gathering place for the camp, but it has no hint of the ordinary hotel "parlor." Comfortable lounging-chairs, tables strewn with papers and magazines, bookcases filled with books, and smaller tables for those who wish to play cards make it more like the living-room of a country home. The rafters and beams of the ceiling are exposed, and the walls are wainscoted to half their height, the space above being covered with burlap. The woodwork is all in the natural color, burned with a plumber's torch to bring out the grain and give diversity of color. A plate-rail finishes the wainscot, and above this the burlaped wall space is strapped with thin strips of the burnt wood—a very Craftsman-like treatment. The ten-foot fireplace is built of rough granite, the rocks used just as they were quarried from the mountain, and the generous logs that smoulder always on the



BURRO TRAIN OF LUMBER AND  
FURNITURE FOR HOTEL COTTAGES

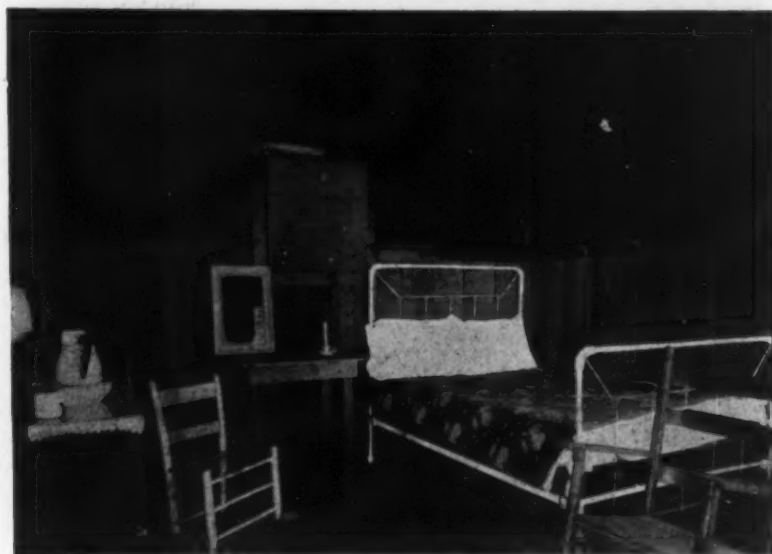
A GROUP OF "SLEEPING-COTTAGES"  
AT MOUNT WILSON



GENERAL DINING-ROOM FOR THE  
COLONY OF COTTAGES

A SINGLE BEDROOM BUILT  
OF MOUNTAIN REDWOOD





THESE "SLEEPING-COTTAGES" ARE SCATTERED  
ALL ALONG THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE

THE FURNITURE IS OF THE SIMPLEST  
AND THE WALLS ARE BURLAPED



THE GENERAL LIVING-ROOM IS A  
GATHERING-PLACE FOR THE CAMP

THERE IS A CO-OPERATIVE DINING-  
ROOM IN THE LARGE BUNGALOW

## A SUMMER HOME AMONG THE CLOUDS

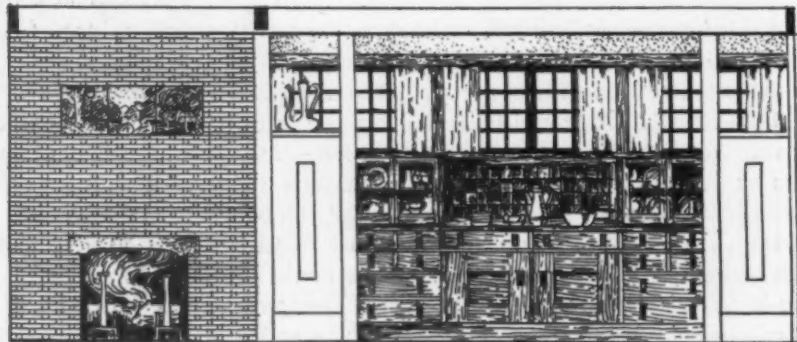
hearth give a touch of warmth and comfort that is very grateful in the chilly evenings that are a peculiarity of the California climate. The dining-room is finished in the same way, with sturdy tables of the burnt wood.

It is the bedrooms that are scattered over the mountain-top—forty of them, nestled here and there among the trees or in the shelter of a peak. Each cottage is merely a bedroom—except where it contains two or more for a party that wishes to be together. The form and finish is the same as the central building, except where stains are used on the shingled walls or on the woodwork of the interior, to give soft, dull tones of red, mossy green or yellow to the burnt wood. The furniture is of the simplest, and the walls are burlaped to tone with the woodwork. The mountains are thickly wooded with pine and redwood, and these woods alone are used both for the buildings and for the interior woodwork. An immense variety of color tones is possible with these two woods under burning or a thin stain, and there is no monotony in the treatment of the cottages.

All the cottages, while comparatively isolated from each other in position, are within easy walk of the central building, and life on the mountain-top may be as exclusive as life in one's own home. It is like co-operative housekeeping, with all the work done at a common building; all the convenience of hotel life is there for those who wish to avail themselves of it, and yet there is no sense of herding under the roof of a large caravansary where more or less restraint and formality is necessary. One steps from the door of one's bedroom right into the forest, and any one who fancies sleeping under the trees is at perfect liberty to do so.



## CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906: NUMBER VII.



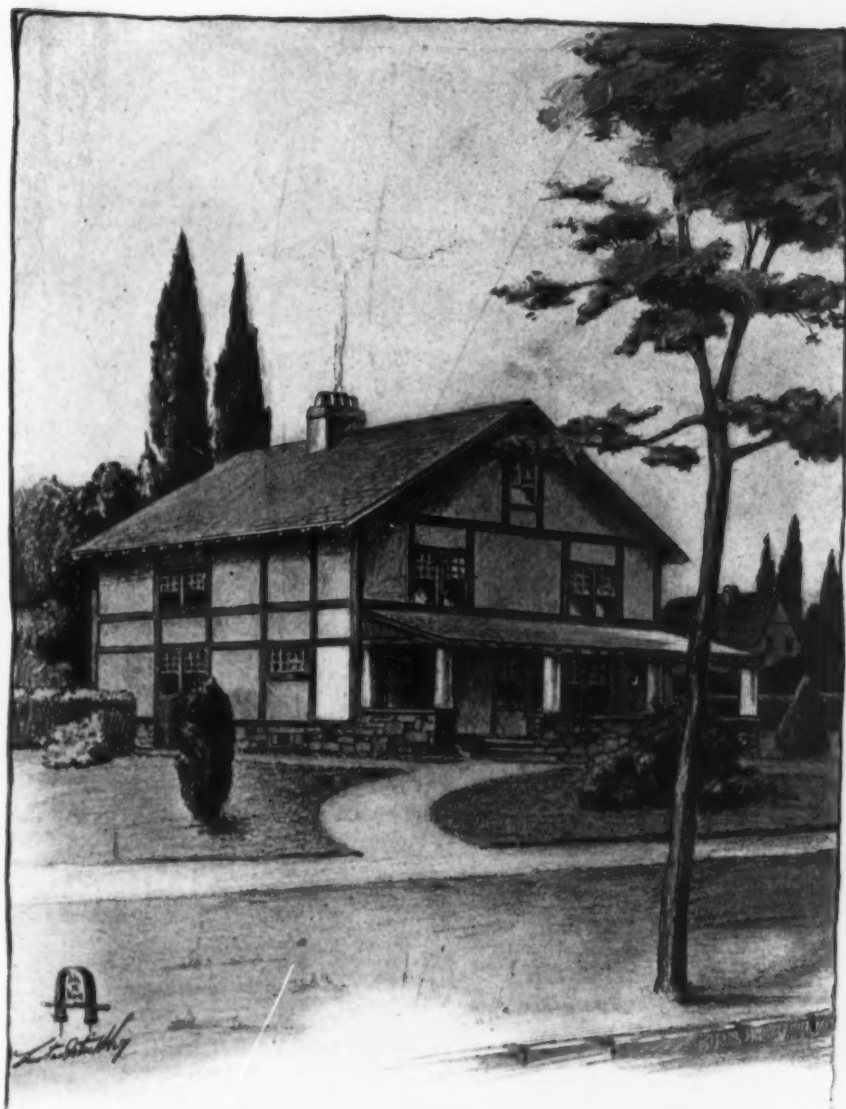
LIVING - ROOM - SHOWING - END - OF - DINING - ROOM - - - - -

A HOUSE very typical of THE CRAFTSMAN idea of architecture has been selected for presentation in this issue of THE CRAFTSMAN. It is a perfect square in plan, and is designed with the utmost simplicity. No bays, recesses or projections are seen, the attractiveness of the exterior depending entirely upon the perfect proportions and the skilful treatment of mass and spacing. A careful study of the line elevations will show the well-balanced arrangement of the lower part and the absolute symmetry that marks the design of the upper story and the roof. The building is of moderate size, thirty-six feet square, exclusive of the front porch, which is twelve feet wide. The effect of roominess in the interior is due to arrangement rather than size.

The material used for the walls is cement plaster on metal lath. The cement is left in its natural gray color, and the roof is of white cedar shingles left to weather to a similar tone of silvery gray. Color accent, as well as emphasis

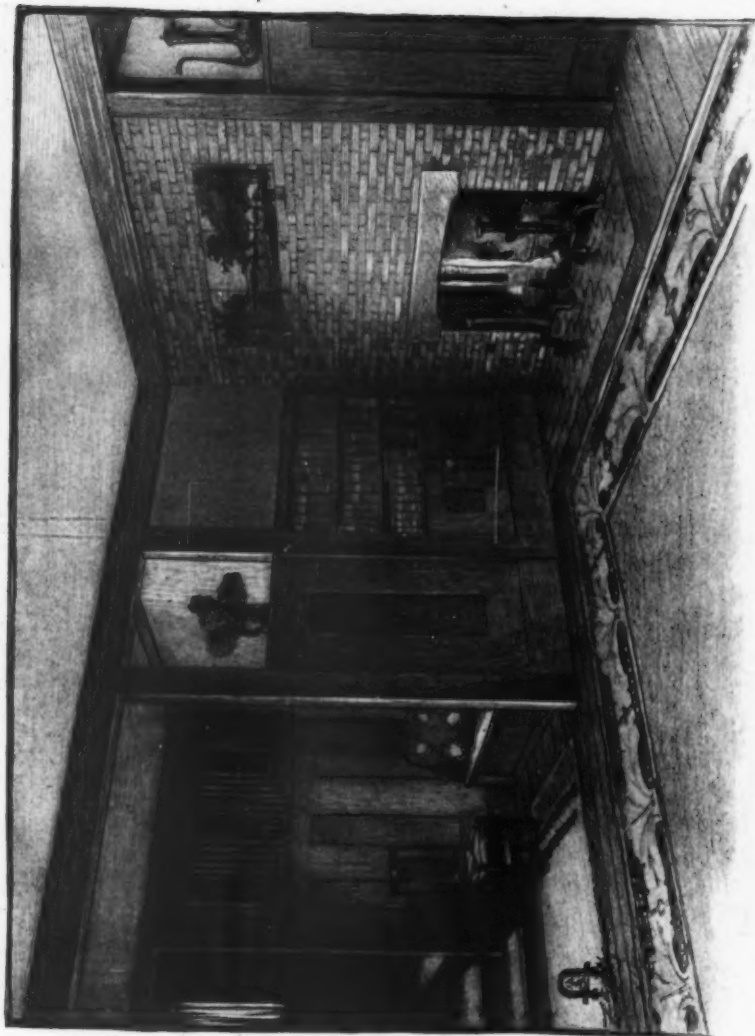
of form, is given by the wood trim, which is of chestnut stained to a soft brown, not too dark, and showing the strong markings of the grain. A brilliant touch is seen in the short, sturdy columns of the porch, which are of wood, painted pure white. As in most of THE CRAFTSMAN houses, these pillars are round and solid, giving much greater strength and durability, as well as a better structural effect than the square columns built up of boards. The rafters of the porch, as well as those supporting the widely overhanging roof, are left uncased, carrying out the effect of solid construction which marks the entire building. A note of warm color appears in the red brick floor of the porch, and is repeated in the chimney pots of red clay. The foundation of the house, and the visible portion of the chimney, are of rough ashlar, split and fitted together.

The first floor of the house is divided into a living-room, dining-room and kitchen, and the second, into a sitting-room, three bedrooms and the bath. A

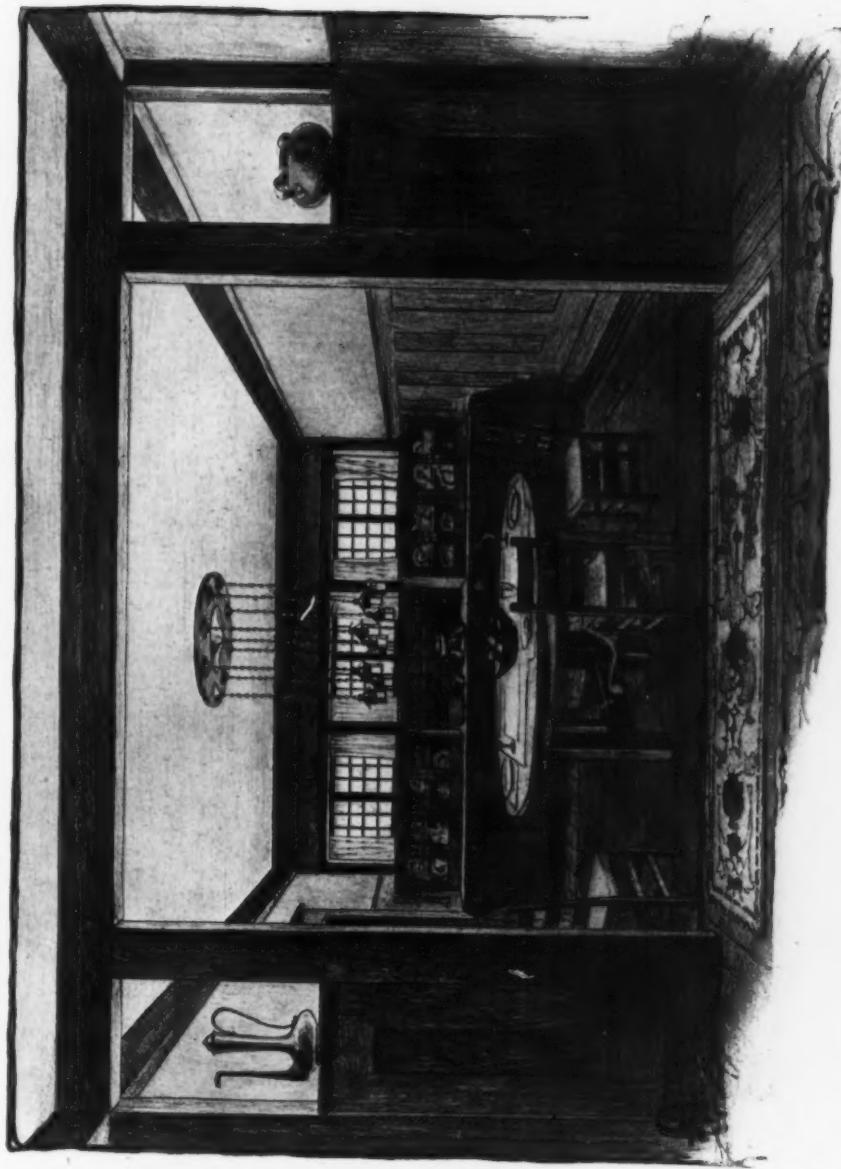


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906: NUMBER VII.





FIREPLACE CORNER OF LIVING-ROOM,  
WITH GLIMPSE OF STAIRWAY AND ENTRANCE



RECESSED DINING-ROOM AT ONE END OF LIVING-ROOM,  
SHOWING BUILT-IN CUPBOARD AND MULLIONED WINDOWS



ENTRANCE-DOOR AND STAIR-LANDING  
WITH BUILT-IN SEAT BETWEEN

## CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SEVEN

storage-room and the maid's bedroom are in the attic. The cellar is large, dry and well lighted, and is fitted with a laundry, toilet and place for a hot-air generator and coal bins.

As there are no partitions in the main part of the lower story, the living-room, dining-room, and the small entrance hall that is merely a recess in the living-room, are all treated alike as to woodwork and color scheme. The woodwork is of chestnut stained to a soft tone of green-

color gives a rich subdued effect that seems to fill the room with reflected sunshine. To moderate the warmth of it, the ceilings are tinted a cool greenish white.

The entrance door is a typical CRAFTSMAN door, broad in proportion to its height, with mullioned lights in the upper part and a single broad panel below. The stair landing is near the door, leaving space between the balustrade and the wall for a built-in seat. This landing is

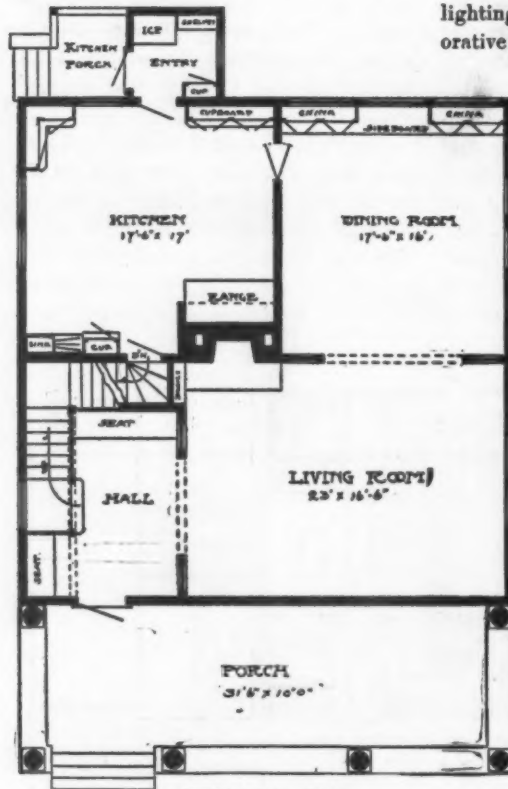


END-OF-LIVING-ROOM-SHOWING-HALL-----

ish brown, and is very attractive in structural effect, although simple in design as the exterior of the house. A six-foot paneled wainscot extends all around the walls, and projects into the room wherever the suggestion of a division is needed. The wall space above the wainscot is treated in a dull gold color, and in this instance is covered with canvas, although equally good effects may be obtained with plain cartridge or ingrain paper of the same color, or with a coat of paint, stippled to a dull, velvety finish, on the plaster. The use of this

low and broad, only two steps from the floor, and the staircase runs up to the right, screened by the wainscot and the grille above it. The landing is lighted by a casement set rather high in the wall. To the left of the landing is a balustrade of slender, square-edged spindles, relieved by open spaces shaped like long panels. At the top of the wainscot which screens the stair is a similar grille, the open spaces corresponding in shape to the panels of the wainscot below. Opposite the door is another built-in seat, under which is placed the hot-

## CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SEVEN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

air outlet, screened by a copper grille. The wainscot forms one end of this seat, and the space above, between the posts, is left open to the ceiling.

A heavy beam runs all around the room at the ceiling angle, and elsewhere beams are used only when absolutely necessary to mark divisions or to emphasize structural effects. The beam that divides the hall-recess from the rest of the room has two lanterns hanging by chains from the spaces between the posts, serving the double purpose of

lighting the staircase and giving a decorative feature to this side of the room.

Another large, square beam marks the division between the living-room and dining-room—a division that is further emphasized by the posts placed two or three feet from the wall, with paneling the height of the wainscot, and open spaces above. These spaces give opportunity for most effective touches of decoration in the shape of quaint brass or copper jars, or earthenware jugs filled with flowers.

Perhaps the most attractive corner of the living-room is the fireplace. This extends to the ceiling and is very broad. Being flush with the wall, it seems a part of it. The mantel-breast and hearth are both of red brick, laid in black cement, those of the mantel-breast laid cross-bond, and the hearth bricks flat, with the broad side up. The fireplace

opening is low and wide, capped with red sandstone, and giving ample room for the andirons of wrought iron. A decorative bit above is the panel formed of three large landscape tiles in tones of golden yellow, moss green and brown, with a touch of vivid dark blue in the poster-like river that runs through the landscape. To the left, and at right angles to the fireplace, is a built-in bookcase with cupboards below. The bookcase extends to the height of the wainscot, and the doors of the cupboard show the



## CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SEVEN

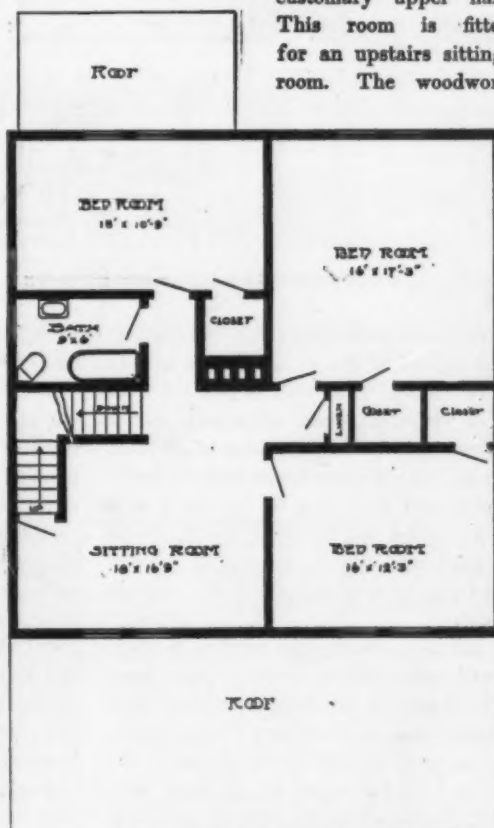
single broad panel, with pulls and escutcheons of wrought iron in the soft "armor-bright" finish.

The principal feature of the dining-room is the sideboard that occupies the entire rear end of the room. This is built in, and includes drawers and cupboards below for dishes, linen and silver, and glass-fronted cabinets above for the display of cut glass and other treasured pieces. At the back of the open space in the center the wall is tiled with square, matt-finished tiles of dull gray-green. Above, the whole wall space is taken up with a row of casement windows extending across the whole end of the room, and balancing the row of windows that lights the front of the living-room. The dining-room is lighted at night with a group of THE CRAFTSMAN shower lights—tiny lanterns swinging free in chains of wrought iron from the circular ceiling-board that corresponds in form with the round table below. The rugs on the floors of both rooms are in tones of brown, golden yellow and green, and the window curtains are of a light, creamy crepe material, with figures in golden yellow, apple-green and pomegranate.

As no pantry is provided, the kitchen is larger than usual, and gives space for all necessary cupboard room. It is well lighted by four large windows, and excellently

ventilated. The fireplace is built out to receive the range, and an extra flue is provided in the chimney to carry off the odors of cooking. All the woodwork is of chestnut, stained brown and given two coats of lacquer so that it may easily be cleaned. The wainscot is three feet high, and the wall above is of cement finished in a hard white enamel.

On the second floor, the stairs lead directly into a large room instead of the customary upper hall. This room is fitted for an upstairs sitting-room. The woodwork



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

## CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SEVEN



FRONT ELEVATION

is of chestnut like that of the lower story, but instead of the wainscot there is only a baseboard. The wall is papered with plain ingrain paper of a rich mossy green, with frieze, and ceiling of greenish white. Ample space is provided for bookcases, and the room is furnished with small tables and lounging chairs, giving a quiet and restful seeming to a place that may be used as a study or a sewing-room.

All the bedrooms are finished in white wood, enameled to a warm ivory tone. The doors are of chestnut, stained light brown, and the floors are of hard comb-grain pine, stained brown to match the doors. All the rooms are of ample size, and plenty of closet room is provided. There is a linen press for household

linen, well fitted with cupboards and large drawers.

The color schemes for the bedrooms are all warm and cheerful. One has walls of old rose, either paper or tinted plaster, with ceiling and frieze of a warm cream-color, and the plain picture moulding of ivory enamel like the rest of the woodwork. The curtains in this room are of white muslin, and the bed cover and other fabric accessories are of pure white with touches of embroidery and applique in old rose and green. All the metal work is of hand-finished brass, and the furniture is dull-finished mahogany.

Another room has the walls paneled with Japanese grass cloth of a soft yellow tone with the silvery shimmer that

## CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SEVEN

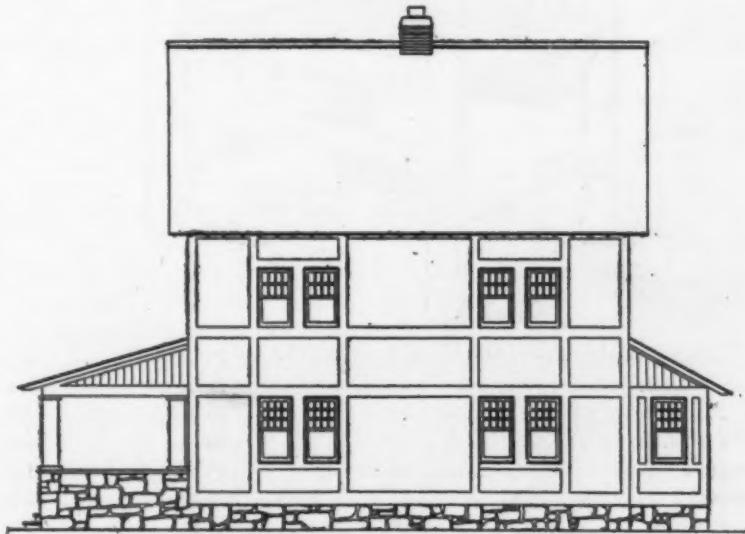
characterizes this material. The ceiling and frieze are greenish white. The furniture in this room is of brown fumed oak, and the rug shows a yellow tone that harmonizes with the walls and is relieved with a good deal of soft gray-blue, as well as darker tones of yellow, tans and browns. The electric fixtures are of copper, with straw-colored opalescent glass globes. The fabrics are of natural unbleached linen with a conventional design embroidered in gray-blue.

The third room has the walls papered with a two-toned stripe in soft browns. The frieze shows one of the woodland landscape designs, and the ceiling is in deep cream. The curtains, bedcovers, etc., are of gray homespun, and the rug shows tones of green and brown. The

furniture is in brown fumed oak and the bedstead of dull-finished brass.

The bathroom is conveniently placed between the sitting-room and one of the bedrooms at the back of the house, with a small hall that opens from the sitting-room, furnishing the only means of communication with it as well as with the bedroom. A screen stands at the entrance to this hall, cutting it off from the sitting-room and staircase. In the attic the available space beneath the roof is utilized partly for a storeroom and partly for a maid's bedroom. The latter is cool and well ventilated, and is both attractive and comfortable as a personal retreat for a woman tired with household work.

The cost of this house as estimated approximates \$7000.



SIDE ELEVATION

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: SEVENTEENTH OF THE SERIES

## RUSTIC ARM-CHAIR

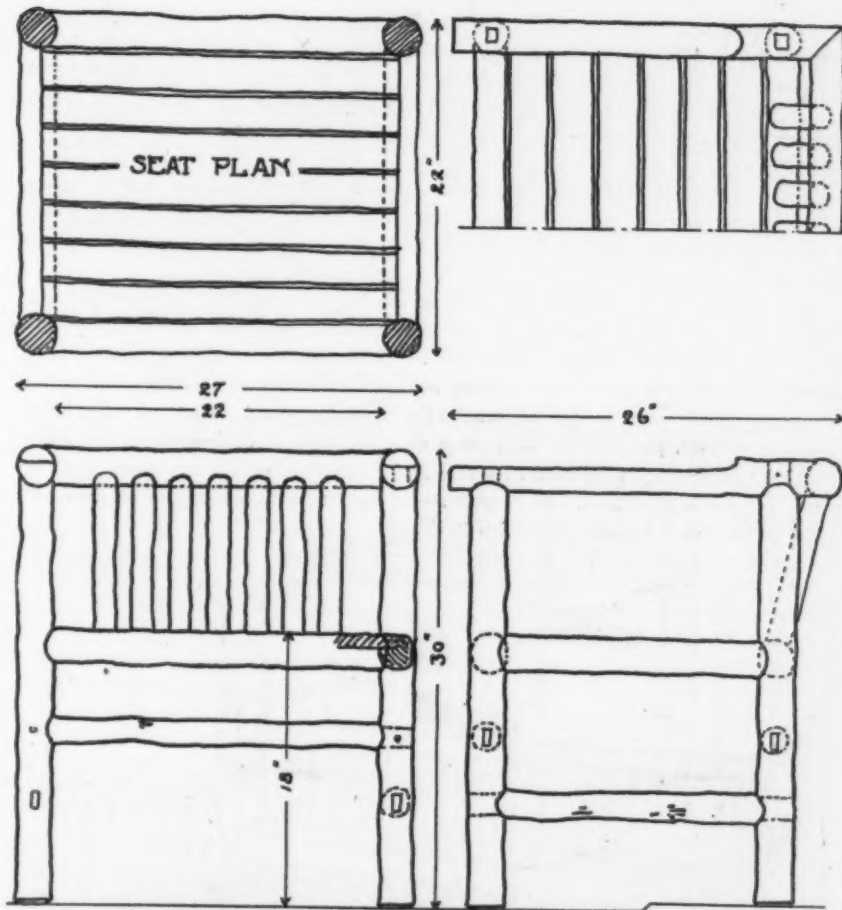
THE rustic furniture that appeared in the Cabinet Work Department of the July CRAFTSMAN has met with so much favor and there have been so many inquiries for other designs that Mr. Stickley has decided to publish a series of rustic models—three in the present number and three more in September, making all together a complete set of outdoor furniture for porch or garden. The value of this rustic furniture is not wholly that it is durable and capable of weathering sun and rain alike, but that it makes a special appeal to the amateur carpenter. Its rough exterior hides defects in joining, and there is not that need of well-seasoned and carefully prepared lumber. A part of the beauty of these rustic Craftsman pieces is in the unfinished exterior. They are especially attractive with the bark on; and the bark of a cedar pole will hide many shortcomings in carpentry.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR GARDEN-CHAIR

Piece	No.	Long	Diameter
Legs .....	4	30 in.	2½ in.
Arms .....	3	28 in.	2½ in.
Seat rails .....	4	28 in.	2¼ in.
Stretchers .....	4	28 in.	2 in.
Back uprights .....	7	15 in.	1½ in.
Seat slabs .....	7	24 in.	2 x 1 in.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN - FOR - A - GARDEN - CHAIR -  
 SCALE - OF - INCHES -





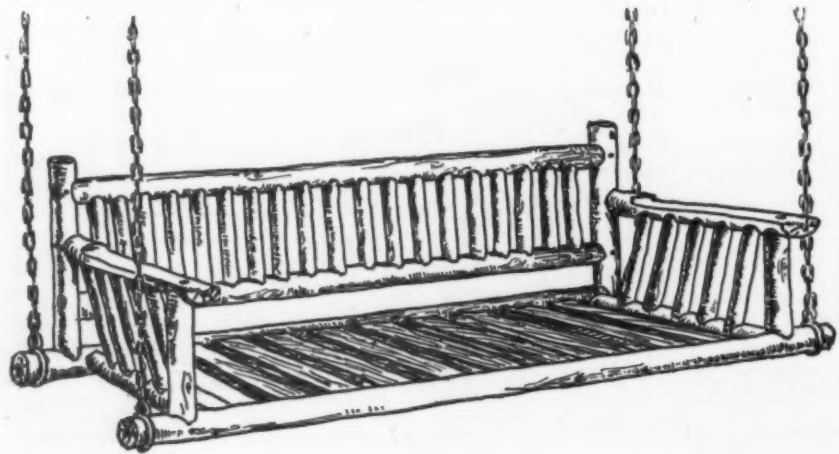
## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

### RUSTIC SWING SEAT

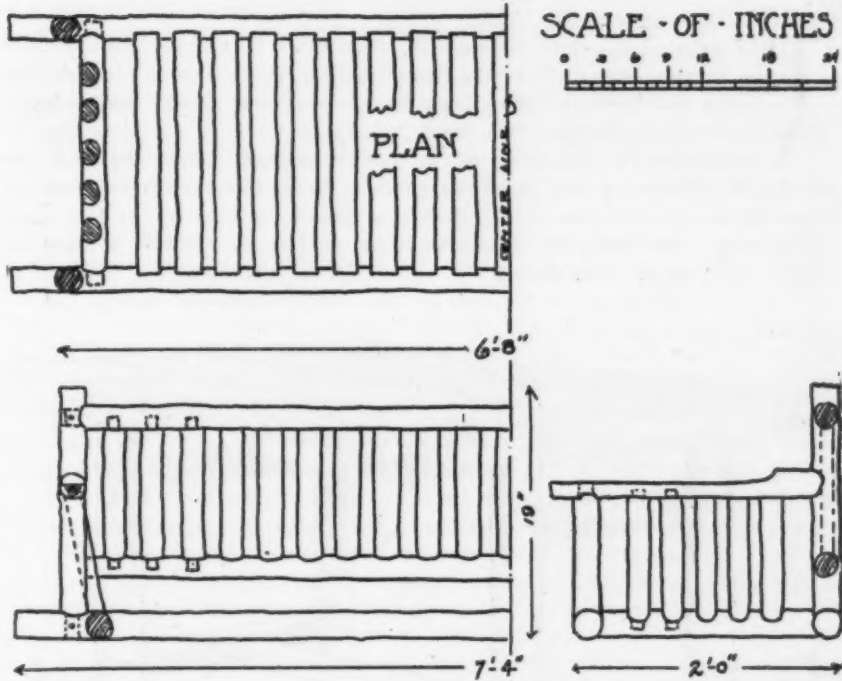
**A** VERY picturesque as well as practical piece of furniture is given in this model of Craftsman rustic swing seat. It is a sort of combination couch and hammock, and can be swung from the ceiling of the porch, out in the orchard from a stout branch of an apple tree or in the living-room of a camp or bungalow.

Cedar is unquestionably the best wood to use in rustic furnishing; but a variety of soft wood, as the country suggests, can be effectively employed. White birch is particularly picturesque if the bark is left. And if combined with dull green hangings or mats on a porch will afford a charming color scheme.

An excellent point in this furniture is the way in which it is smoothed off where a flat surface would add to comfort, and this, without lessening in any respect its picturesque quality. The use of wood with the bark left on not only appeals to the person who likes to relate outdoor furnishings to Nature; it also has a very practical value to the amateur cabinet-worker. Its rough exterior hides defects in joining, and likewise does away with the need of well-seasoned, carefully furnished lumber. This outdoor furniture is put together with stout tenons, and of course no glue is permitted, for it must stand rain as well as sun, and is intended to last as long as the porch or garden itself.



# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR A RUSTIC SWING SEAT

## MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR SWING SEAT

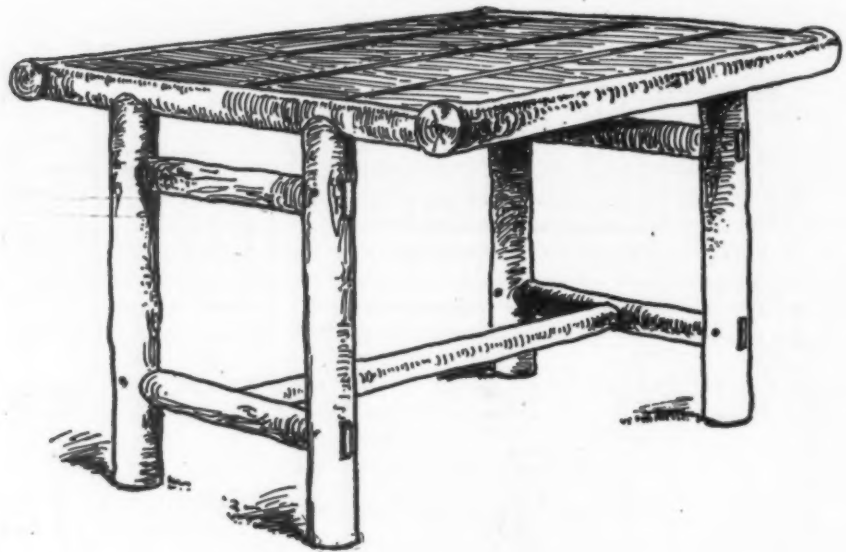
Piece	No.	Long	Diameter
Front posts .....	2	14 in.	2½ in.
Back posts .....	2	24 in.	2½ in.
Seat rails .....	2	90 in.	2½ in.
Seat rails .....	2	26 in.	2½ in.
Back rails .....	2	82 in.	2¼ in.
Back uprights .....	21	15 in.	2 in.
Arms .....	2	27 in.	2½ in.
End uprights .....	10	15 in.	2 in.
Seat Slabs .....	19	24 in.	2 x 1 in.

## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

### RUSTIC LOW TABLE

THE value of this rustic furniture for outdoor use, is, not only that it is more in harmony with the landscape than highly finished furniture, but that it is much less liable to injury from the elements, and if well constructed is almost as durable as the trees from which it is made.

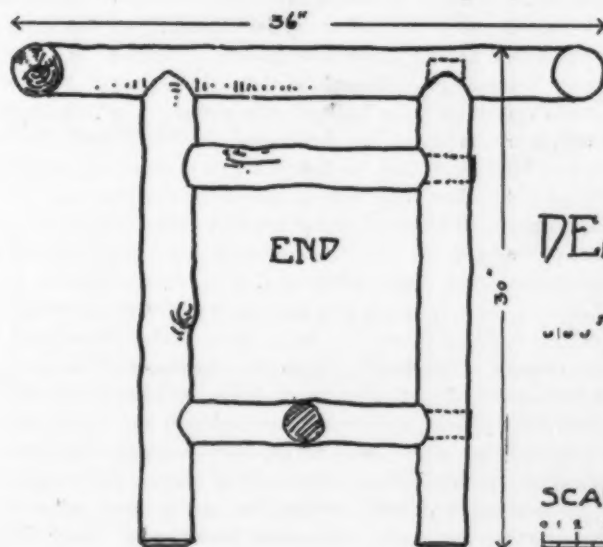
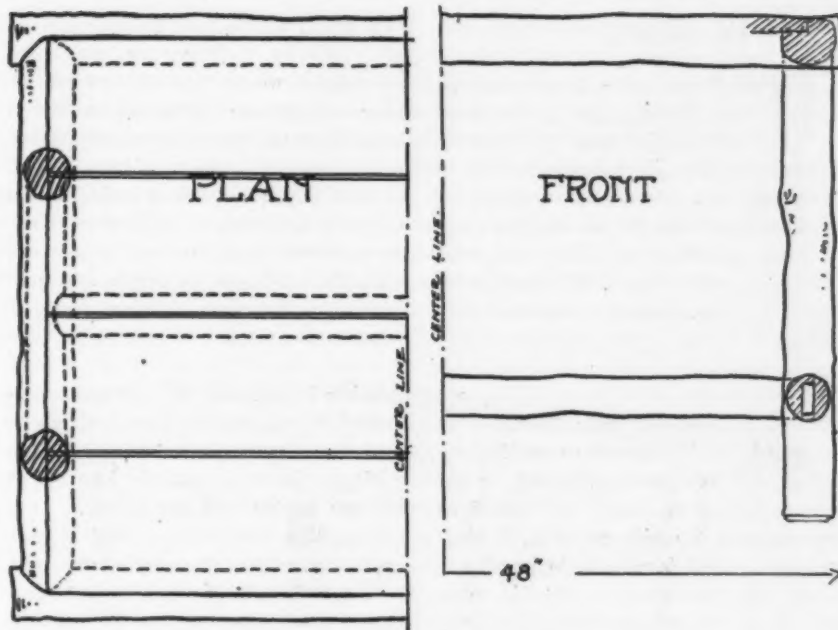
The construction is of the simplest, yet made strong with mortice and tenon and stout pins. Where the bark is left on no finish is necessary, and even when the poles are peeled the weather can be trusted to furnish a delicate hue of permanent silvery-gray. The table top is of hewn board to furnish a smooth surface for lamp, books, basket or tea service.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR TABLE.

Pieces	No.	Long	Diameter
Top rails .....	2	38 in.	3 in.
" " .....	2	50 in.	3 in.
Legs .....	4	32 in.	3 in.
Stretchers .....	4	20 in.	2¾ in.
" .....	1	48 in.	2½ in.
Top boards .....	4	46 in. x 8½ x 1	in.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR  
A  
TABLE

SCALE OF INCHES



## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

### ALS IK KAN

**T**HIS country has passed through many fateful years, but it is doubtful if in all its history there have been another six months so pregnant with new ideas, so prophetic of important changes as the first half of this present year. The zeal with which the nation has busied itself with the task of housecleaning and the condition in which it has found its abode have undermined that apathetic and patriotic confidence in things as they are which heretofore has made difficult every proposed social, economic or political reform. But now, as never before, people are beginning to think that it will be necessary to try new methods, if their strenuous housecleaning is to be of any avail. Here and there, all over the country, by one or another newspaper or public man or private thinker some theory or suggestion is set forth and discussed with a respect which never would have been accorded to it before. Everybody is beginning to understand that it is worth while to consider with fair minds and a willingness to be convinced not only every effort that has been made to solve social problems in other countries, but even such theories and schemes as heretofore have been contemptuously dismissed as "harebrained."

Our basic problem differs radically from those of any other country, for with us the trouble at the bottom of it all is that we have been poisoned by our prosperity. That marvelous increase in material wealth which has been our distinguishing mark among the nations, the chief cause alike of their envy and our

own pride, has worked rapidly toward our undoing. Other nations have worshipped wealth and the people of other nations have striven for its possession, but in no other nation since history began has the worship of wealth and the headlong, breathless scramble to win it been so universal. For in no other nation has it ever been so easy for any one, from the lowest to the highest, to gain vast riches and their attendant power—social, commercial or political. The standard of private honesty has always been low in nations noted for great commercial success, and we have been no exception to what seems to be an inevitable result if doubtful methods have crept into our buying and our selling. And, keeping this fact in mind, and remembering that with us the people are directly responsible for the government, perhaps it is not surprising that there should have been that long series of governmental scandals with which the American people have become so familiar as to be calloused to their significance. But in the light of the revelations of commercial methods which have been made during the last year it is matter for surprise and mutual congratulation that our official life is not worse than it is.

In this universal, cold poisoning of our minds and lives we shall have to work out our own cure. But there will have to be a cure or the future will merely repeat the experience of the past. And to bring about that cure there will have to be a conviction of sin—of illness, of prosperity-poison—born into the souls of many millions of people, and a realization of the fact that to gain riches is not man's most worthy aim. And the



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quickest, easiest, and most efficient means of reaching that result will be, not by attempting to make over again the characters of men and women, but by making impossible the amassing of enormous fortunes to gain this end. Which means, also, the lessening of poverty, the lessening of crime, the increase of comfort and of health, the uplifting of hundreds of thousands, the humanizing of all, it is necessary to study with humbleness of heart and openness of mind whatever effort for human betterment has been made elsewhere. The more completely we forget, in view of our present shame, our past pride and stiff-neckedness, the easier will it be to achieve new conditions.

THE CRAFTSMAN presents in this issue the first instalment of a study of social and economic conditions in New Zealand, which is just now of peculiar interest because of the widespread feeling that we in this country must try other economic and political methods than those to which we have so long been accustomed. New Zealand is one of the youngest and smallest of the sisterhood of nations, but in view of what she has accomplished for the good of her people there is no other that should not be glad to sit at her feet and learn wisdom of her counselors. Much of what she has done seems to have, in our present crisis, a peculiar and direct significance for the people of the United States.

Especially is this true of her method of controlling corporate power by government competition. Just now we are all congratulating one another that at last the powers of some of our huge corporations have been broken on the wheel

of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. But those bodies have found in the past a way to nullify every law intended to curb their powers and it is not in the least likely that in the future they will fail to find aid in injunctions and court reviews and appeals to higher courts and the cunning of the ablest brains and best skilled minds in the United States. The suggestion has already been made that the federal government should buy oil and coal lands and enter into the production of oil and coal, in order to make sure that there shall be competition. The New Zealand government began the state mining and selling of coal as the surest means of fighting a coal mining and shipping trust exactly similar to that which exists in Pennsylvania. There may be no suggestion in it for the solution of our huge and complicated railroad problem because of the peculiar conditions which in our fatuous pursuit of the policy of *laissez faire* we have allowed to develop until it has well-nigh become a question of which shall eat the other, the government or the railroads. But the idea is worth trial by municipalities which are dissatisfied with private ownership of public utilities. Municipal competition would probably suit Americans better than undivided municipal ownership. For we in this country are so imbued with the individualistic idea that we look with instinctive disfavor upon any suggestion of shifting initiative from the individual to the government. The New Zealand method seems to be a compromise that fits both that temper and our present necessities. For it does not interfere with nor discourage private initiative and personal

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effort. It merely halts private greed and makes possible a more general private achievement.

There are many who doubt that commercial activities could be carried on successfully in this country without an improved moral status in our public service. One of the wonders of New Zealand is the remarkable purity of her public life. With less of probity and single-mindedness and devotion to duty among her officials, doubtless her legislative experiments would have been less successful. At any rate, in Australia, where New South Wales has tried many of the New Zealand methods, there have been at the same time more dishonesty and less success. Almost every one of the government commercial enterprises in New South Wales is or has been under investigation, with revelations of crookedness and dishonesty in nearly all of them. But if the author is right in the suggestion that the purity of New Zealand's public service may be largely due to the fact that, since the government controls the distribution of wealth and prevents the acquisition of large fortunes, the headlong pursuit of wealth is discouraged and men's minds are not so poisoned by the lust of money, there would still be hope for us in the curbing of the present limitless rewards of commercial effort.

The workers' organizations, which are planning to go into politics in order to secure ameliorative legislation, have much to learn from a study of what has been done in New Zealand and Australia. In no other country has legislation done so much for the bettering of life for the working class as in New

Zealand. But the workers have gained it all with scarcely an effort. Organized labor takes no part in politics in that country. In Australia, on the other hand, organized labor has fairly fought its way to the front, has gained the balance of power in parliaments, and so has forced the legislation which it wanted. It has succeeded in bettering the condition of the workers in many ways. But the present state of affairs in Australia, social, economic and political, is not such as other nations care to emulate.

Doubtless the difference in these respects between the two colonies is due in large measure to the difference between their respective populations. The people of New Zealand are orderly, law-abiding, respectful of one another's rights in high degree. Those of Australia are no more willing to obey laws which do not suit their individual convenience than Americans have come to be since the craze for wealth has so possessed the country. It is our well-beloved national theory, our general conventional belief, that there is no other country in which the people are so respectful of law as they are in the United States. But in actual practice there is none in which there is greater effort to evade, nullify, overturn; make ineffectual legal enactments which do not suit the convenience of individuals or corporate bodies. In this matter it is particularly meet for us humbly to learn our lesson of the New Zealanders. For when, in a free nation, any citizen or any class can flout its legal enactments and find ways in which to disobey them with impunity, that nation is on the high road to destruction. It is our surpassing

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shame that so trite and so self-evident a thing needs to be said in free and intelligent America. But it does need not only to be said but to be shouted from the housetops and ground into the very hearts and minds of the people.

But let us mend our ways and force obedience to the laws we enact, and that tremendous moulding power of law, to which the writer of this article draws attention in respect to its formative effect upon the character of the New Zealanders, will come to our aid. The habit of orderliness, of willingness to sink private pleasure in the general good is formed, like any other habit, by constant practice, and until, as a nation, we take more kindly to practice of that sort we can not hope to achieve much in the bettering of our commercial and economic conditions.

AS showing another phase of this same spirit that makes for reform, we reprint here an editorial from *Comment*, which so simply and strongly sets forth the power of individual right living and thinking in the ultimate shaping of national ideals, that we wish to give it to our readers just as it stands. For the recognition of the work *THE CRAFTSMAN* is trying to do, we are grateful, but still more do we appreciate this able presentation of the ideals and standards upon which the magazine is founded and upon which its very life depends. Amid the confusion and clamor of modern sensationalism, it is encouraging to find an occasional evidence of the undercurrent of sanity that is wider, deeper and stronger than any one realizes, and that ultimately will bring about a purer and more honest national life.

"NEW YORK undoubtedly exerts an influence on national life which is not wholly for the nation's good. The printed matter which chiefly influences the country-at-large is an urban product written and gathered by men who are more accustomed to the clamor and alarums of the city. Even the farm journals are prepared where cobbles fret the earth and where vegetation struggles through a city's grime. Yet the influence of New York and of civic struggles, frets, and worries are greatly overestimated because in the present order of things we are bound to hear more of them than of other influences. It is a good sign that our people try to know and to right the wrongs of the day; it is a step in the good way when the country cries long and loud for a change from the evils that have, slow but sure, grown up about us. Yet it is none the less true that too much stress is laid upon the bad and scarce enough upon the good; the thought grows that the man who keeps on his way with the one aim to make home and friends happy is doing more for the advance of the country and for the real advantage of the nation and the race than he who works himself into a frenzy over real or supposed dangers and is at the same time without the power to aid in fighting them. Few of us, indeed, are fitted for the role of the reformer, and it is likewise true that few men are so aptly chosen by fate for their appointed tasks as the real heroes of reform. It is ever a repeat of history that 'Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell.' In our own day the slums have their Riis, the halting law its Jerome, and the menace of monopoly its Roosevelt. For the most of us the

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best thing to do is to give our support, the strength of our thoughts, words, and acts in the effort to 'hold up their hands' to the doing of the work which fate and their characters have given them to do. This is not to say that we actively enter the lists to fight, nor even to engage as squires to the knights of our cause. Suffice it to most of us to understand that cause, to watch the jousts, and by the sheer force of our beliefs and our own right living to give that spiritual yet potent strength that comes to the arms of our champions when they know they fight the good fight and have back of them the beliefs and the hopes of the best of the people.

"In this our modern day let each man do his task, make his home croft, keep his life clean, his hands free from the soil of ill-got gold. Let him so comport himself that his dearest friend or the one who loves him best may give full approval. Then indeed will reform be in the land and evil be forgot.

"Nor is this a mere platitude as to what we should do. Unknown to many, unsought of many more, this very thing is going on, and many men appalled by the evidences of corruption which have been unearthed have quietly determined to make their lives more sane, their acts more strictly aligned on the side of truth. We are prone to read the sensational papers and the sensational magazines that are flaunted at us; we can scarcely escape them. But there are other men writing than Upton Sinclair, putting their pens to words and thoughts which may not now make a stir in the field of what is known as literature, yet are sure to outlast and out-value the sensational

shricks of those to whom sensationalism is an end. For the evils of an *Everybody's* or a *Cosmopolitan*, appealing to the shallow, there are magazines of solid worth undeviating from their course of sanity and culture. While it may be unfair to many to single out the few it is only needful to call attention to the *Atlantic Monthly* and to *THE CRAFTSMAN* as widely different yet essentially similar publications. Bethink you what a little force, after all, is the clamorous one, and realize that the irresistible compelling march of progress is silent, strong, truth-compelling, and becomes more so just in the proportion that you—and every other individual, but particularly you—order your ways in the walks of men, and keep your hands clean and your conscience clear."

## NOTES

ON the 16th day of last month, the reading and thinking world paused in its perusal of the daily accounts of "battle, murder and sudden death," and turned aside for a time to do homage to the memory of the master-painter, Rembrandt, the Tercentenary of whose birth was fittingly observed on that date.

As so often happens in the case of the world's great souls, Rembrandt, at whose shrine the entire art-loving world now worships, had only a pauper's burial after a heart-rending struggle for the patronage of men, who, were they alive to-day, would vie with each other for the possession of his works. So, it was reserved for this day and generation to



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make up for the lack of appreciation of the artist's own time.

Antwerp, his native town and Amsterdam, where he spent the latter part of his life, have done him honor in the form of celebrations and memorial tablets, while the rest of the world has done its best to show its appreciation of Rembrandt's worth in excellent magazine articles and reproductions of his most famous paintings and sketches.

In looking back over the great painter's life, it is good to know that he knew some years of sweetness and contentment, dating from the time when beautiful Saskia van Ulenburg came into his life until her death, after an ideal, though all too brief wedded life of eight years.

Rembrandt was first, last and ever an admirer of women. His mother and sister were his first models; his wife, his inspiration. He first met the beautiful and wealthy Frisian girl at the home of her cousin the dominie, Jan Cornelius Silvius, whose portrait Rembrandt painted in meditation over an open book. A whole new world of thought and action opened up to him. He painted her again and again during the days of their courtship. One of his drawings shows Saskia with a hat on her head and flowers in her hand. Under it he has written an inscription which tells that this is his wife on the third day of their betrothal. Later, he painted her with a sprig of rosemary held over her heart, which was the maiden's way of expressing acceptance and betrothal.

Rembrandt's married life was ideal. His beautiful wife was a perfect comrade and inspirer, not only self-reliant, but

quick to interpret the needs of an artistic soul like Rembrandt's. She had seen much of artist life before her marriage which gave her an unusually ready sympathy. With her death, the sun set for Rembrandt, but it is good to record that, in the deepening shadows, when the estate which his wife bequeathed to him dwindled and he faced absolute want, his hand never lost its cunning, nor did his ambition fail. He paid to the memory of the woman who had been his inspiration the tribute of working as though she were still by his side.

**I**N the death of Jules Breton, the noted French genre painter, which occurred at Paris on July 5th, the art world loses one of the best-known and most universally loved of its great painters. Like many another genius, Jules Breton was of humble origin, gaining his present fame through the technical merit of his work and the human tone that pervaded his subjects. He was noted for veracity of detail, as well as for grace and vigor of conception and execution.

In 1855 he first attracted general attention in the Universal Exhibition at Paris, with his "Les Glaneuses," and "Petites Paysannes Consultant Les Epis." Since then he has been a constant contributor to the various salons and has won many artistic honors as well as wide popular appreciation. Among some of the best known works of his earlier prime, may be mentioned "La Bénédiction des Blés," "Le Rappel des Glaneuses," "Le Soir," "Les Sarcleuses," "Consécration de l'Eglise d'Oignies," "La Gardeuse de Dindons," "Un Grand Pardon Breton," "Les La-



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vandières," "Jeune Fille Gardant des Vaches," "La Glaneuse," "Le Soir," "Les Communiantes," "Le Fin du Travail," "L'Etoile du Berger," and "Les Dernières Fleurs." Most of these are well known, but there are scores of other works of equal merit. A mere list of titles would be tedious.

During his long and active career M. Jules Breton was the recipient of many medals. He carried off a medal of the first class at the Universal Exhibition of 1867, and the medal of honor at the Exhibition of 1872. Decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in 1861, he was promoted to be an officer in 1869, and a commander in 1889. He was elected a member of the French Academy of Fine Arts in 1886, and was also a member of the Fine Art Academies at Vienna and Stockholm. M. Breton also achieved distinction as a poet. His volume, "Les Champs et La Mer," attracted much attention, revealing a power of perception, imagination, and expression akin to that which endowed his painting with so potent a charm. In 1890 he published his autobiography, with the title "Vie d'un Artiste, Art et Nature." In this volume he spoke with delightful frankness of the details of his daily village life, thus affording a clear view of the influences which dominated his art and inspiration, and also reviewed the work of his contemporaries with both eloquence and insight, furnishing a comprehensive study of the principal forces in the art movement in France after the revolutionary period of 1848.

**C**HILDREN as missionaries in the cause of civic improvement may be a new and almost absurd thought to those

who are not in touch with what the future citizens of this country are doing toward that end, but J. Horace McFarland, president of the American Civic Association, has given the most charming recognition to juvenile influence in a recent address on "Beautiful America for Children."

"Now some will wonder why I am preaching such things to the boys and girls. I'll tell you why.

"A few years ago some good women began to clean up the city I live in by putting up large iron cans for waste paper and asking people to put in them not only the waste paper, but banana and orange skins, and such things as had been making the streets nasty. These ladies went to all the schools and talked to the boys and girls about helping. Of course, the boys and girls were willing, and they remembered what was told them. My own boy was one of them.

"One day after that my boy went with me to the postoffice, and as we walked along the street I tore the wrapper from a magazine and threw it away.

" 'You mustn't do that, papa,' said the boy; 'the ladies told us it is wrong to throw loose papers in the street.'

"I was ashamed, and I picked up the paper, putting it in one of the iron boxes. My boy was a better citizen than I.

"This convinced me that the boys and girls had a great part in making things clean, and as I think about it, I am sure that children can do a wonderful work for this great country that we all love.

"Most of the dirt is made a little at a time—one tin can on the dump, one paper in the street. That is, each thoughtless person helps to make

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America dirty. If the children—the boys and girls who will in a few years be the men and women of the country, would do a little toward cleaning up, we would soon be all stirred up about it, and America would get beautiful again.

"Each girl can try for a cleaner place about the home. Each boy can help keep the stuff off the street. Many of the children can easily induce their parents to plant some vines or flowers, and it would be nice to have one tree planted each year by each child, or for each child.

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"All my message to these children, then, is to get them to do two things. First, to clean up, and keep clean, about home and school; pick up papers and boxes on the street; take care of green growing trees and plants, and have some flowers of their own, if possible. Second, to talk about it to each other, and to their parents and home people, trying to get them to help."

As a matter of fact, a great deal of very effective work has already been done by children toward beautifying the interiors and surroundings of their homes. For this, we have to thank the public schools directly and, back of them, indirectly, the public-spirited men and women who, with the backing of clubs and associations, have prevailed upon boards of education to include this very essential feature of education in the school course.

No sooner were blue-print pictures of famous paintings, statues and buildings introduced into school work than the walls of the homes from which the poorer children—yes, and many of those who came from well-to-do families, too, be-

gan to show a subtle, though none the less real influence at work. Cheap, gaudy chromos were replaced by sightly Copley prints, and inexpensive photographs of famous paintings, statues, buildings, portraits, began to replace the old-time "art" nightmares. Then came the day when the child brought proudly home his first Indian basket or piece of pottery made by his own hands. The house began to take on a look of refinement and good taste. Carpentry, rug-weaving and metal work followed closely and the result of this training soon became evident in the home.

The next important step was teaching first principles of civic improvement such as Mr. McFarland refers to. Children are nature-lovers; they have a natural eye for the appreciation of the beautiful, and they are never so happy as when their hands are employed in doing something that counts. The boys' gardens of the National Cash Register Company at Cincinnati are a good example of what is being done out of doors by the younger generation, assisted and encouraged by a right-minded employer. The influence of this early training upon the future community when these children shall have grown to manhood and womanhood is inestimable. It is not to the older generation that a state should look for the effect of its reforms. Those who belong to the "good old times," dislike to admit that their taste has been wrong and dread to take up new ways of doing things. But their children, with alert, progressive minds and fresh enthusiasm for whatever interests them will wield the strongest kind of influence for the civic improvement of to-morrow.

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THE death of Premier Richard John Seddon, which occurred as the magazine was going to press, will have a serious effect, it is not unlikely, upon New Zealand's farther progress in social and economic legislation. His successor, Sir Joseph Ward, has been identified with the liberal ministry for some years, having been Minister of Railways, Postmaster-General, and Minister of Commerce and Industries. He has also served as Acting-Premier during Mr. Seddon's absence. He is pre-eminently a business man and has been exceedingly successful in the administration of his several portfolios. But he lacks that adventurous quality of mind and that constructive imagination which made Mr. Seddon the man for the opportunity. He is entirely in sympathy with all that the liberal party has done thus far, but it is doubtful if he will wish to lead the government into farther experiment.—  
[EDITOR'S NOTE.]

### REVIEWS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have published a *de luxe* book on the remarkable Talbot J. Taylor collection of furniture, wood-carving and other branches of the decorative arts which will be of especial interest and importance to students of "periods" in furniture or ornamentation.

The entire book of 139 pages is devoted to detailed descriptions of the various pieces in the wonderful collection amassed by the owner at Talbot House, Cedarhurst, L. I. One hundred and eighty-seven beautiful half-tones from photographs of the originals are scat-

tered through the book, illustrating the various pieces in the collection and giving views of the different rooms, each done in a "period" style.

The last seven pages are given over to full-page illustrations of views in the garden of Talbot House while the frontispiece shows the house itself, "a long," low, rambling structure with many gables and red chimney stacks, the main part of it being only two stories in height and covered with ivy, vines, and roses." (The Talbot J. Taylor Collection of Furniture, Wood Carving and Other Branches of the Decorative Arts. 139 pages. Illustrated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

IF labor were to follow the plan and capital to heed the warning in "A Knight of the Toilers," by Arthur Newell, strikes would soon be things of the past and trusts sink into insignificance. The story, while taking up the well-worn topic of the struggle between Capital and Labor, between the Trusts and the Unions, works out the problem on lines that are original, wholly sane, and not at all impracticable if the right leader of men could be found. Such a leader is Trevor, the knight of the toilers. Trevor has had his training under Pattison, the head of a great railroad corporation, and so, knowing the Trust's methods, he is able to profit by his knowledge and to apply it, after leaving Pattison's employ, to the work of organizing the laborers of Perania, the little mining town which becomes the battle ground for the opposing forces later on. Trevor's battle cry is organize. "You can move a crowd to act as one

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man, once;" the author makes him say, "you can move an army always," and so he forms among the miners a sort of an organization through which they gradually come to have a secure and recognized financial standing. To quote from the chapter on Organization: "It was a financial system whose moving idea was that of getting capital ahead, of making assessments while earnings were good, in contrast to the custom of coming to an industrial battle with an empty treasury and depending on the money that might be begged from workers elsewhere. \*

\* \* The thought that acted as the chief lever was, of course, that of a great battle ahead for men's rights; yet, rising above that idea, the larger one of being strongly prepared for battle; of being strong as that class who were the enemy were strong—strong in money, in capital, and in the independence and power which capital implied."

These paragraphs sound the keynote of the book. In another character, Pendleton, leader of a radical faction of the laborers, is introduced as a rival to Trevor to throw Trevor and his saner methods into bolder relief and the discussions between the two men throw some very strong side lights on the subject. In the end, of course, the Trust, represented by Pattison, rises to crush the men of Perania, who promptly go on strike. Instead, however, of resorting to the old methods of violence, they purchase a great tract of land and turn to its cultivation, thereby giving employment to all while the battle is on and blocking the scheme of the Trust to deprive them of food supplies by tying up the railroad lines. The miners win their fight and

the Trust is forced not only to yield to their demands, but to recognize them as a power to be reckoned with on equal terms. The possibilities of such an organization as Trevor's deserve serious thought, and the book, while not particularly noteworthy as a piece of literature, is interesting and well worth reading. ("A Knight of the Toilers," by Arthur Newell, 270 pages. Published by F. L. Marsh & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.)

"CHURCHES and Chapels," by F. E. Kidder, is the third edition of a work which has proved invaluable to architects and building committees who have charge of the erection of sacred edifices, containing as it does practical suggestions as to their arrangement, construction and equipment, with plans and interior and exterior views of numerous churches of different denominations, together with the arrangement and cost. There are 200 illustrations. Mr. Kidder has died since the publication of this edition. (Churches and Chapels, by F. E. Kidder, 177 pages. Illustrated. Published by Wm. T. Comstock, New York.)

"GRAND Feu Ceramics," by Taxile Doat, will interest CRAFTSMAN readers to whom the subject of ceramic art appeals. The book is a compilation of a series of articles by the well known potter, Taxile Doat, which appeared in The Ceramic Studio during 1908, and is so beautifully and completely illustrated that mechanically alone it is a thing of beauty. A quotation from the author's Foreword is the best evidence of the interest and value of the treatise.

"I write these articles with the view



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of assisting individual artists who are devoted to ceramic work and to render homage to the glory of the Manufactory of Sevres, to which I have belonged for the last twenty-six years. As a ceramist does not exist without his kiln any more than a violinist without his violin, I have established at my residence an experimental laboratory where I win from the fire the wares which have brought me a gratifying success." ("Grand Feu Ceramics," by Taxile Doat, 200 pages. Illustrated. Published by The Ceramic Studio, Syracuse, N. Y.)

TO treat of the origin of Christianity from a purely historical standpoint, with full justice to the subject and offense to none, is the object for which Otto Pfeiderer has published his "Christian Origins," the outcome of public lectures delivered by him at the University of Berlin.

"This book," says the author in his preface, "has not been written for such readers as feel satisfied by the traditional church-faith. It may hurt their feelings easily and confuse them in their convictions; I would be sorry for that, because I cherish a respect for every honest faith."

It is in this spirit of kindliness that the author approaches his important task: that of eliminating the purely traditional side of Christianity and of putting it on the surer, because reasonable, ground of historic and scientific evidence. He will undoubtedly find that the seed he sows in "Christian Origins" will fall on fruitful ground, for, much as the Christian world loves the familiar stories of the new testament, hard as it is to cut loose

from the accustomed bonds of the generally accepted faith, the thinking Christian of to-day is obliged to acknowledge that the old-time teachings have ceased to satisfy and while there are few who would be willing to throw aside the poetry and romance of the bible legends any more than they would willingly take away from their children the delightful belief in Santa Claus, yet they must for truth's sake, consider these now only as legends to be cherished and remembered maybe, but no longer to be adhered to as articles of faith.

Science, of course, is responsible for this psychic awakening, as Herr Pfeiderer proves, and because science is ever progressing, religious thought must necessarily progress with it. Yet even Herr Pfeiderer, after his confessed "forty years of earnest study," is not so radical as to count valueless the early beliefs and theories. "There is no reason at all why the history of the past should be held valueless; it contains the signs and guides of the eternal but not the final and the highest at which we ought to stop."

It is just this attitude toward the whole subject that makes "Christian Origins" so convincing. The basis of the author's whole argument is the "discovery" of the great church-historian, Ferdinand Christian Baur, who, a half-century ago, dared to apply to the history of Christianity the thought of "evolution" which had long been "normative in every other department of science." Of course, in applying the principle of evolution to the origin of Christianity, Herr Pfeiderer has approached it purely from the historic side, for, as



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he says: "so long as the problem was approached with the presupposition of the church belief, it was impossible."

He therefore goes back to foundation principles of the Christian religion and shows first its preparation through Greek and Jewish-Greek philosophy, through Judaism, and finally through Jesus its highest realization, to its foundation in the Messianic Congregation. Then follows a discussion of the formation of the church, as necessary an evolution from the first unformed inception of early Christianity as the forming of the state was an essential outgrowth of the early tribal organization.

The author points out clearly the fact that "so long as the Bible was regarded by the eye of faith as a source of edification, without testing its separate books with critical understanding," the Christian world remained in a sort of lethargic state of contentment; but, when in the seventeenth century men began to give the subject some research and study, it "became apparent that the reports of the New Testament concerning the person of Christ are by no means so harmonious as church faith supposed."

No one who reads the chapters on the apostles can fail to be convinced of this truth. It is a forceful appeal to reason and can not fail to attract widespread interest and thought.

To "tear loose" from the bonds in which the organized church has so long held the Christian world "has been and still is our problem," says the author in conclusion. Yet there is not an iconoclastic note in the whole book. It is simply the honest attempt of a searcher after truth to restore Christianity to what it was before Church forms paganized it:

something for men to lean on rather than for them to uphold. ("Christian Origins," by Otto Pfeiderer, D.D. Translated from the German by Daniel A. Huebsch, Ph.D. 295 pages. Price \$1.75. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

EVERY once in a while the public may expect something new on the ever-interesting subject of Arctic exploration. All kinds of theories as to the location of the poles have been advanced from time to time, but it remained for William Reed to declare in his "Phantom of the Poles" that these long-sought ends of the earth do not exist; that, in fact, the earth is hollow.

If nothing else, the theory is at least convenient, for it gives ample excuse for the failure of any of the explorers so far to reach the poles. More than that, it sounds sensible in many instances, and, as the author says in his preface: "It may be surprising, and seem wonderful to many or ridiculous to others, but I see nothing to hinder it."

Many of the Arctic phenomena, like the "water sky," a condition of the Arctic heavens where on cloudy days the sky reflects the condition of the surface of the country so accurately that explorers depend upon it; the Aurora Borealis, and the open water and increased warmth near the poles, are very logically accounted for by this theory, the author working out his conclusions from the reports of the various explorers, from which he quotes freely.

("The Phantom of the Poles," by William Reed. 283 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50. Published by the Walter S. Rockey Company, New York.)

# OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

## THE ART QUALITY OF SMOCKING



THE first craze for smocking sprang up among the English peasantry so many years ago that the date is not easy to quote accurately. The revival of the fashion was brought about some two or three years ago by fashionable London women who found it a novel trimming for any kind of frock made of soft pliable fabrics. Of course, a little smocking has been done now and then ever since the first fashion for it, but it has never really been a second craze until the last few years.

The English peasantry of those far away picturesque times, not only created the fashion for smocking but originated the name of this most sensible and decorative dress ornament. "Many years ago"—as one should always begin a story of Medieval times—a workman's blouse in Merrie England was called a smock or sometimes a shift; it was cut like a long pajama coat and made of beautifully woven homespun linen in a fresh grassy hue called Lincoln green—the color Robin Hood is always pictured in when riding through English woods in those days of making English history

and poetry. And these frocks were worn by grown up men as well as the little lads, who stared with round blue eyes and hearts aflame at this same daring Robin and his bold men as they rode through gentle English villages.

Now, of course, there were differences between everyday field and bench smocks and beautiful smocks for riding to fairs and listening to somber sermons in shadowy cathedrals; especially were the green smocks of those little boys and girls made brave for rare holidays. These early English days were not times of much finery for little folks, women did not do much embroidery or hemstitching on small frocks. The utmost decoration allowed was the gathering of the little blouses and aprons into pretty patterns at the neck and sleeves, and even this was not solely for ornament, but also to do away with bulkiness where fullness was required, and if beauty could be gained it was that much extra good fortune.

But what mother, even of the simplest times, having an excuse to "prettify" little smocks would not make the most of it? and then quiet her conscience by



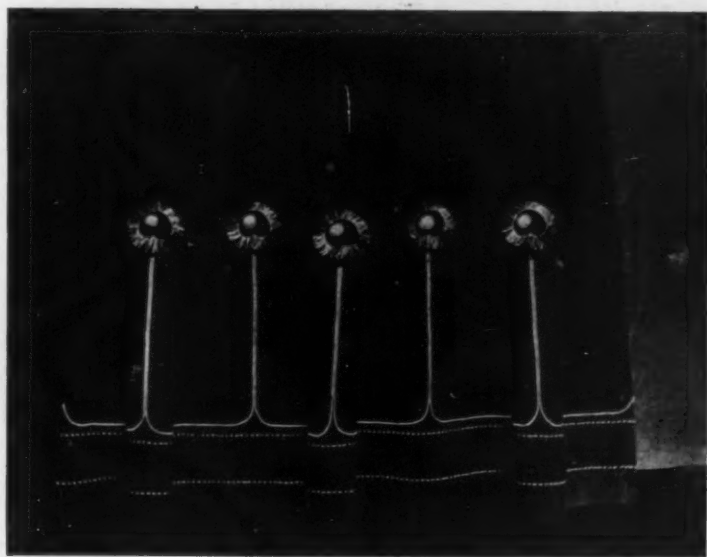
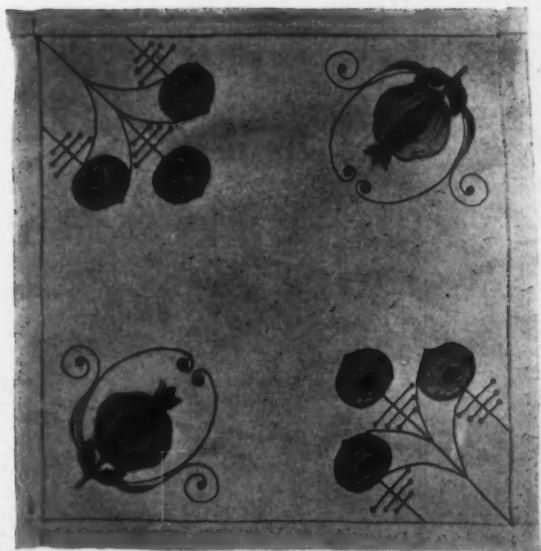
*Designs from The Fortieth Street Shop*

SMOCKED ENGLISH PEASANT'S  
 APRON FOR LITTLE BOY  
 A "ROBIN HOOD BLOUSE" OF SMOCKED  
 LINCOLN GREEN LINEN



*Designs from The Fortish Street Shop*

SMOCKING IS THE BEST EXAMPLE  
OF SELF-ORNAMENTATION IN DRESS  
THE ELASTICITY OF SMOCKING MAKES IT  
HEALTHFUL FOR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES



INDUSTRIAL ART FANCY WORK  
MADE FROM CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS





THIS CHAIR IS ONE  
OF A SET OF SIX  
MADE FROM A  
CRAFTSMAN DESIGN  
THE PHOTOGRAPHS  
WERE TAKEN IN  
A CALIFORNIA  
WINTER GARDEN

SIX MONTHS BE-  
FORE THIS BOOK  
SHELF WAS MADE  
MR. HARTOG HAD  
NEVER HANDLED  
A CARPENTER'S TOOL



FURNITURE MADE FROM CRAFTSMAN  
MODELS BY MR. J. H. HARTOG

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

remembering the practical end of her work. And so the fulling of smocks in an ornamental way grew to be called smocking, and from a little shepherd lad's apron it found its decorative way down the centuries to adorn princess dresses of great ladies and fine linen slips of Twentieth Century babies. And the wisest of fashionable mothers value the pretty simplicity of this old time decoration more than much fine lace and drawn work and embroidery. Many mothers, however, like it solely because it is new (so old that it is new), others, because it is fashionable or difficult to obtain, but the woman of real taste and fine feeling about the decorative value of smocking likes it for its genuine art quality, for the opportunity it affords to obtain ornament from the material itself, and the doing away with the sewing on of other stuffs for trimmings, which more often than not do not decorate and only add weight and bulk.

If a material is beautiful in the first place, says the wise modern woman,—why must it be hidden with other materials in order to be fashionable, why must a pretty silk be covered with braid and beads, and pretty chiffon with laces? If a bit of gauze is lovely, why not show the gauze, or if the dress is to be lace, why must that be made to carry silk and ribbon? And usually, these superfluous additions are made to cost more than the actual material, both in time and money. To get the utmost beauty with simplicity, to let each thing in life be beautiful in its own way, and with the chance to reveal all of its own beauty, is surely a far finer expression of art, the real intention of art, than

piled up, meaningless, expensive decoration. And smocking is perhaps the best example of self-ornamentation that can be sighted in the dress-makers' world. It is also graceful and economical.

But linens will shrink and children will grow, as the peasant women of old England knew to their sorrow, and to smock a shift was not only to add a charm to the little green garment, but to insure it a long lease of life; for smocking can be let out just as tucks can be, and the stout little smocks made larger year by year, as little lads grew to be brawnier and heartier and little maids acquired a stouter chest. While on the other hand the fullness and nice looseness which the smocking of little blouses gave to growing children was a lesson to many a modern mother who does not, but should, attribute much delicacy in childhood to tight little coats and over-fitted waists. Nothing could have been better for the English peasant boys and girls than the smocks that left muscles of throat, arms and chest free to stretch and grow and help make the strength of the nation.

In those old times it is safe to surmise that smocking was done in the easiest, simplest way—there was no hunting about for new patterns and new stitches, the peasant woman's thought was only for the tidy little fullness out of which she gained economy and health for her children, and what prettiness she could; but it is not to be supposed for a moment that the modern woman will take smocking as lightly as this; she must improve, she must be original, and almost invariably she must make herself more work. Indeed there is danger of smock-

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

ing becoming a fad, and of our inventing so many new stitches and variety of styles of gathering, that we will make out of this simply effective method of decoration a delusion for the eyes and a snare for the hands.

The illustrations in this department show a number of ways in which simple smocking can be most effectively used, including a real little English smock for a boy's play-apron, a graceful but easily smocked princess gown and some pretty frocks for girls. For modern smocking, whether English or American (for of course, we Americans have originated some new smocking stitches), the softer materials are invariably preferred to avoid a clumsiness of effect and to assure soft, clinging folds where the material escapes from the gathers. Soft wools and chiffon, pongee, liberty silk, liberty velvet and crepe are exquisite materials for any style of smocking; for summer time wear—linen and lawn and fine muslin, batiste and wash chiffon and all the new wash silk-muslins are flexible enough to lend themselves to graceful smocking effects.

If you want to be very fashionable indeed you will have a smocked blouse of Lincoln green linen, just the same fresh forest hue of Robin Hood days, when English forests were full of bright romance. And it will be of coarse woven linen, and you may even speak of it as "a Robin Hood blouse." It would be very original and interesting to call it a "smock" instead of a blouse—except that most people won't know just what you mean, and if they do it will sound a little informal.

If you come from New England the

chances are that you call smocking honey-combing, and you may resent these Robin Hood tales, and you will know some very pretty little stitches and patterns which were unheard of in Robin Hood days, and you will regard smocking as fancy-work and you will do it beautifully.

But for those who don't know quite so much about it a few words here about the practical end of smocking will not be out of place. In order to do any kind of smocking well, the utmost care must be taken in the first place to space evenly. The section to be smocked may be creased or marked off in lines with thread or chalk in the direction the smocking is to run, and then on each line dots are made to indicate where the catching together is done. If preferred, the spaces may be marked by using card-board as is preferred in the English method. This marking method will do for all but sheer and delicate-hued fabrics.

Soft, loosely-twisted embroidery silk for smocking woolens and silks, and the best quality of French embroidery cotton for washable goods are the best for this purpose, and a double thread should never be employed. Two or three over-and-over stitches suffice to hold the folds, and the thread should not be broken. The silk or cotton may be of the same color as the material or of a contrasting color, and frequently two or three colors are introduced to give a brilliant effect. Beads often lend their brilliancy to sober garments, and they match or differ from the goods in color but should not be large. Under the honey-combing a smooth section of lining is needed to

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prevent it stretching, and between this lining and the smocking a piece of crinoline shaped like the lining is usually placed to give firmness. Only the outer edges of the lining need be caught to the smocking.

Diamond smocking is quite extensively used for the yokes and sleeves of infants' garments, not only because it is ornamental but on account of its elasticity. The advantage of the latter quality will be readily appreciated, as every one knows how quickly growing babies and children get beyond the limits of the unyielding portions of their little garments, and the elasticity of the smocking gives room to the little, growing body, up to

the time when the smocking may be let out or a larger sized frock substituted.

But the charm and economy and healthfulness of smocked frocks, large and small, are not the most important consideration in the presentation of this article. It is rather our purpose to show the genuine art quality of smocking as a dress trimming, by furnishing for a garment a tasteful, graceful ornament which is not applied, but has sprung out of the material itself. It is not as an evidence of thrift or of fashion novelty, but wholly as a phase of industrial art that smocking appears in the pages of *THE CRAFTSMAN*.

## INDUSTRIAL ART FANCY WORK

SINCE the article on fancy work, published in the May number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, many letters have reached this department expressing interest and sympathy with the idea that fancy work should be ranked as an industrial art, a thing not to be done lightly and inconsiderately, but to be regarded as a part of the decorative scheme of the inside of the home, and a beautiful, simple and permanent part.

"I want my house homey, like other women's," wrote one practical woman despairingly, "but I can not sacrifice my life to it. Though I appreciate and enjoy all the brightness and decorative value of pretty fancy work, I value even more, time to read with my husband and play with my children, listen to good music, and make a golf record now and then. If I am to have fancy work, it must be of the true industrial art kind that *THE CRAFTSMAN* stands for,

and as lasting as tan, roses and outdoor joy."

And the wisest woman of all writes: "I have found out that the most sensible fancy work, which is at once beautiful and lasting, and genuinely an expression of industrial art is made after the designs of the Craftsman workshops."

The same earnest Craftswoman became so much interested in fancy work which is an art, that she not only embroidered a variety of Craftsman designs for herself and others, but had a number of them photographed to show her success to *THE CRAFTSMAN*, sending pictures with a brief description of the materials and colors used and suggesting that her experiences might prove of value, as they undoubtedly must, to the many other women who are at last disgusted and discouraged with the waste of time and money involved in traditional fancy work.



## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

Mrs. Greeley, whose letter we have just been quoting, and whose work is illustrated in this article began her letter to Mr. Stickley by saying: "I not only prefer Craftsman designs and materials for my fancy work, but in the past year or so I have been redecorating houses with great success in Craftsman style and furnishing with Craftsman furniture."

One of a set of curtains from a Craftsman model, which is reproduced in this article, Mrs. Greeley describes as follows: "In completing a peacock dining-room I found that it was necessary to have specially designed portieres and mantel curtain in order to keep my color scheme. I selected as a background a russet tone Craftsman canvas. At the foot of each curtain I placed a four-inch band of green canvas of the same subdued tone; standing erect from the green band was a straight row of peacock feathers of bronze canvas, couched on and edged with a fringe of yellow-green silk. The peacock's eye was stained black and plum, with a high white light, over a "bloom" linen of blue and green. The stems were a cream soutache braid, and the feathers were really quite perfect enough to frighten the superstitious; yet the curtains cost very little money and are as durable as any article of furniture in the room."

A second piece of Mrs. Greeley's handiwork is shown in the illustrations. It is a table-spread of deep cream Craftsman linen with various designs in the corners. In the first and third corners are pomegranates of two tones of reddish canvas appliqued on in a darker pomegranate floss. In the second and fourth corners is a repeated conventional

grouping of three feathers done in natural hues. This spread was designed to be used with tapestry paper and peacock rugs and draperies.

A short time ago Mrs. Greeley had in her own home an exhibit of the variety of industrial art work which she has trained herself to do. Not a little of it was reproduced from Craftsman models, but whether the designs were her own or from the Syracuse workshops, you felt that the impulse of the designer was the same—a seeking to express beauty through simple methods and in such a way that it should be durable. If she were to preach a little sermon on fancy work it would probably read as follows:

Don't do fancy work by tradition. Think! Before buying materials for your handicraft, think if they will be in harmony with the kind of house you live in, if they will be durable, if you can contrive in the work to get the maximum of beauty by the expenditure of the minimum of time, if you will be the better for the work, a shade nearer a truer, simpler standard of living.

To really create fancy work that will be an achievement in industrial art you have got to use your brain and your conscience, otherwise it won't be worth doing or having or keeping. And fancy work that is not as beautiful one year as it is another, that exists only to express the fad of the moment is not worth the smallest fraction of the time or money that can be put into it. Not one single thing in the way of creative endeavor is worth while that will not stand the test of time, that does not contribute to the growth of the creator, and that is not useful for some definite purpose in life.



# THE CRAFTSMAN'S OPEN DOOR

## SUGGESTIONS OF INTEREST TO HOME-BUILDERS AND HOME-MAKERS



WITH August the advertising question is supposed to be dormant or at least "on vacation."

There is a fallacy about this letting up of effort, however, which is being more clearly recognized each year.

There are, of course, certain lines for which mid-summer advertising is entirely useless. Skates and car-muffs are not largely in demand in August, and any general advertising of these would be silly. In a large majority of business lines, however, there is a more or less steady demand the year 'round and it is just as important to keep before the public at one season as another. This point is important, for in this age competition is continually pushing to the front new

claimants for public attention, and the old, no matter how seemingly well entrenched in the minds of the people, will be routed and forgotten without the aid of persistent advertising.

The wants and needs of the people go right on regardless of seasons, and these wants and needs are going to be supplied by *somebody*.

That "somebody" is more than likely to be the man or the firm who continuously advertise.

TO SMOKERS WHO ARE PARTICULAR Smokers are, of course, primarily concerned with the character and quality of the tobacco in their cigars. There is a sanitary side to the question, though, which is very important, and none the less so because it is a side little seen and seldom investigated. The perfection of conditions is attained in the cigars manufactured by Herbert D. Shivers, 918 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa. The order and cleanliness maintained in this manufactory are a part of the high-grade policy of the concern, and a personal visit and inspection is not only invited but cordially welcomed.

No CRAFTSMAN reader who is really particular about his cigar stock and the manner of their handling can afford to miss the unusual offer made in the announcement in this issue. The statement is convincing, the firm thoroughly responsible and you are offered a chance to smoke the cigars without cost, as a test of their high quality.

## OPEN DOOR

### RUGS "LIKE GRANDMOTHER USED TO MAKE"

There's an unmistakable return now-a-days to the simplicity and dignity of our grandmothers' times when machine-made articles were unknown. Do you remember those cool, clean, old-fashioned homes where the painted floors were covered by the rugs that grandmother wove with her own hands? You can get to-day rugs "like grandmother used to make," hand-woven, in colors and designs to harmonize with any furnishings. They are called the "Dorothy Manners" rugs, and are made by the OLD COLONY WEAVERS, of Germantown, Pa., whose advertisement will be found in the business section of this magazine.



### "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

There's a good deal in a name, as Shakspeare would have discovered if he had been a twentieth-century business man. In these days of strenuous competition, it means that a man's personal reputation as a dealer, manufacturer, or whatever he may happen to be, is behind his claim for the goods that he is offering to the public. When you see the name "Cabot" in connection with wood stains, it means that this manufacturer is ready to vouch for the quality of his product and only asks you to try them in order to be convinced. The stains are made with creosote, which preserves the wood, and should further recommend them. Samples on wood and litho-water color charts, of artistic combinations, may be had free on application to SAMUEL CABOT, 141 Milk St., Boston, Mass.



### ADDRESSED TO ARTISTS AND ARCHITECTS

If you are an artist or an architect, this little paragraph may be especially timely. Its purpose is to remind those interested, that the F. W. DEVOE COMPANY, of New York, Chicago and Kansas City, can supply you with Artists' and Architects' materials of all kinds, from a brush to a drawing table. Is your ink running low? They can supply it. How about your oils and varnishes? Do you need a new drawing board? These hints should end in your sending for their catalogue and this, no doubt, will result in your sending them an order. The advertisement will be found in the business section of this issue.



### IF YOU ARE DECORATING

You will find HUNT, WILKINSON & COMPANY, of Philadelphia, a very satisfactory place to turn to for artistic work. This firm not only are designers and frescoers, but they also import and make furniture. Portieres, table scarfs, electric fixtures and all the other accessories of a well-appointed home, may be had of them also. Their good taste in home fittings may be judged from the fact they are our Philadelphia representatives and carry a full line of CRAFTSMAN furniture and fittings, which may be seen

## OPEN DOOR

at their rooms. They invite correspondence and will gladly submit designs, estimates and color schemes upon application to their address, 1615 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



**HOW TO BUILD A FIREPLACE** "Hints on Fireplace Construction," published by the H. W. COVERT COMPANY, of New York, gives many valuable points

on a subject so little understood by the average architect and builder, that smoky fireplaces are the rule rather than the exception. No more bitter disappointment awaits the builder of a new home than to find that his dream of sitting with his family and friends around the glowing hearth fire, was only a dream, because the mason did not understand fireplace construction and the result is—smoke. The above-mentioned booklet states that there is no excuse for a smoky fireplace, except the excuse of ignorance, and shows how simple a matter the production of a perfect fireplace really is. Any CRAFTSMAN reader may have a copy of this booklet without cost, by writing the firm at the address as given in the advertisement.



**THE GREENHOUSE IN AUGUST** Some people are so fond of their greenhouse roses and carnations that they keep them blooming right through

the summer—and after all there is nothing quite so beautiful, so queenly as the rose, or as cheery and snappy as the carnation, but, of course, you want new stock for the winter, plants fresh and vigorous, so the new plants are now coming along in splendid shape, and when next the snow blows you can have the fragrance and beauty of your flower friends about you—and, of course, out of season vegetables for your table, too.

A greenhouse must be constructed on lines meeting plant-growing requirements. It is not a proposition for a carpenter, but must needs be the work of skilled men and the sum of years of experience. The U-Bar Greenhouses meet all these demands and more.



**WHAT CARPETS MAY CONTAIN** Before the Tuberculosis Exhibition at Baltimore, Md., in 1904, Dr. Flick, the most eminent living authority on that

disease, gave statistics showing that of forty-two guinea-pigs inoculated with house-dirt, twenty died quickly of an acute infectious disease and seventeen developed tuberculosis. The dirt came from good homes and not from the slums or the houses of the excessively poor or ignorant.

Such a condemnation of carpets, which retain the dirt, dust and germs should cause every householder to look toward hardwood floors as the acme of modern sanitary house furnishing.

The catalogue and design book of the Wood-Mosaic Flooring Co., will show you the highest development in the Art of Parquetry and Hard Wood Floors. Their advertisement in this issue shows the class of work of which they make a specialty. The short purse can also be accommodated with many beautiful designs, made in their most careful manner, at the cost of a good carpet.

## OPEN DOOR

**FOR THOSE WHO ARE BUILDING** In this Mid-summer season, when building and alteration is so largely being done, THE CRAFTSMAN feels like reminding its readers of a "STUCCO" BOARD manufactured and handled by C. W. CAPES, 1170 Broadway, New York City. This "Stucco" Plasterboard as a foundation for Portland cement exteriors is superior to anything else devised for this purpose. It is a non-conductor of heat and cold, and as it will not rust, will last as long as the building. On account of its peculiar construction it holds the plaster absolutely solid and requires only about half the amount of material to properly cover it, as is needed for metal. Being very rigid, it will not bend under the trowel, and for this reason a great evenness in finished effect, say nothing of freedom from liability to crack, is secured. An added advantage is that it is entirely fire-proof and is easily nailed or applied to studding, sheathing and furring.

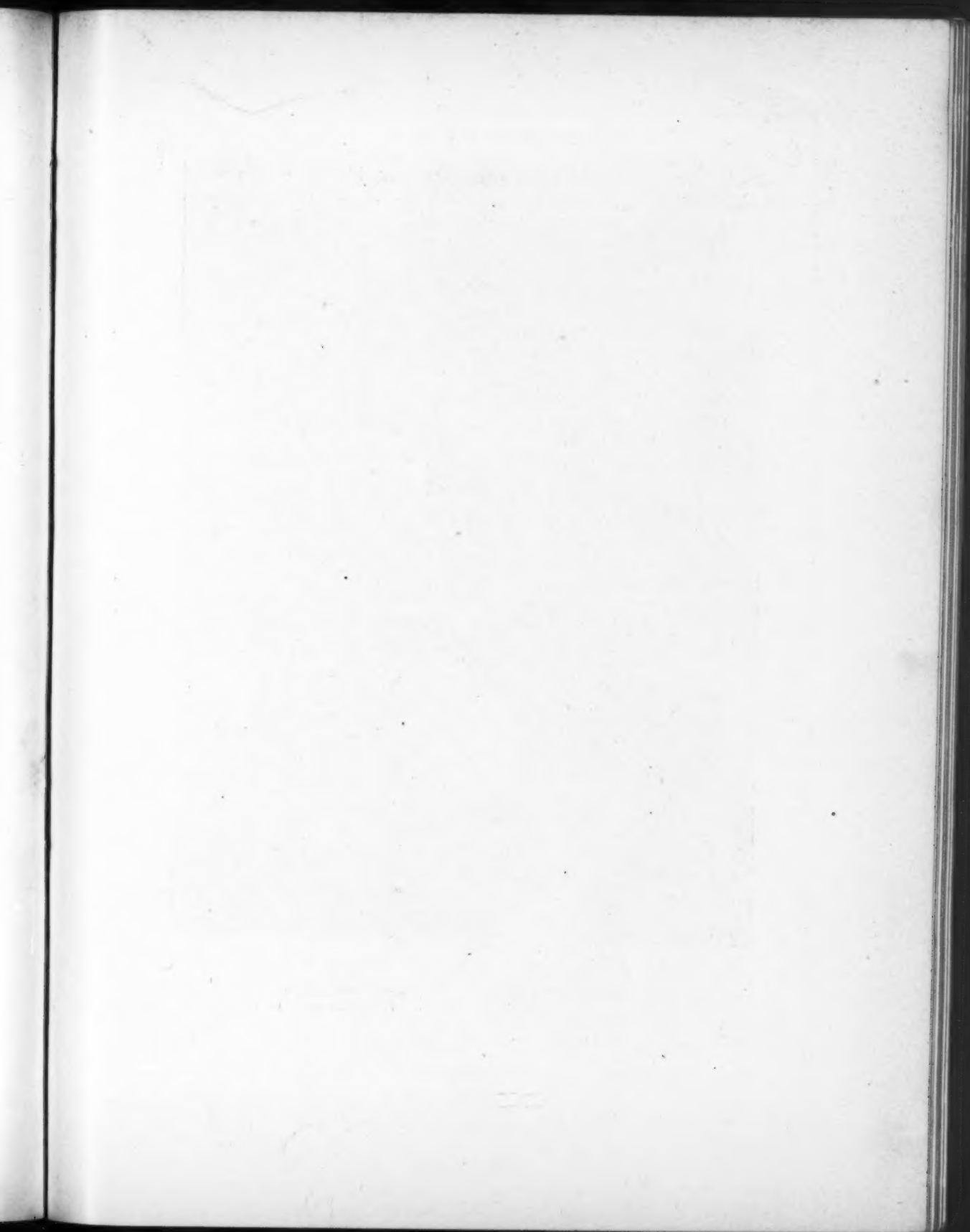
By addressing a postal card to C. W. Capes, at the address given, samples will be mailed you, together with interesting literature.

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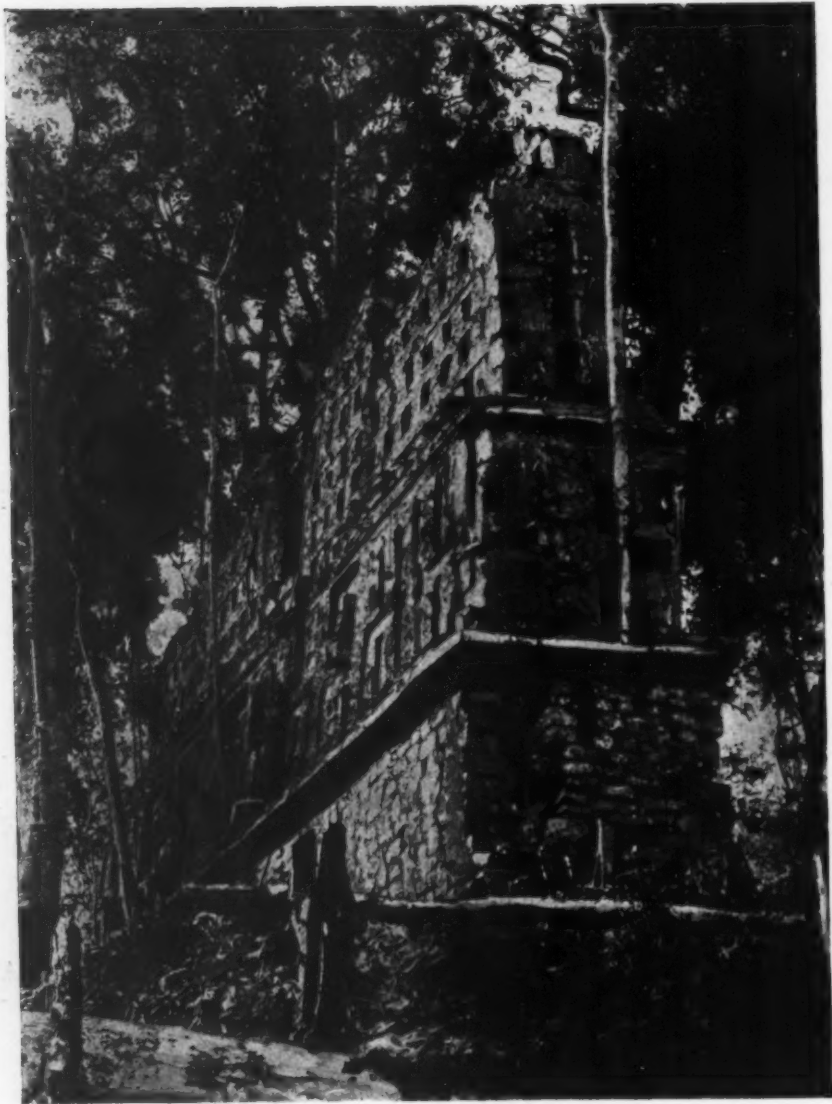
**PROPER BLINDS FOR THE PORCH** This is the season of year when the veranda becomes the most popular part of the house. The thing which often prevents its fullest enjoyment is that of publicity. This is especially true if the house is near the street or close to our neighbor's and without shrubbery or other natural screen. BURLINGTON VENETIAN BLINDS solve the problem for they may be so arranged as to allow a free circulation of air and yet exclude the sunlight. This means gaining privacy and consequently adding your porch to the available rooms of your house. Any CRAFTSMAN reader who is interested may have a catalogue by dropping a postal to The Burlington Venetian Blind Co., 550 Lake St., Burlington, Vt.

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**A WESTERN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS** In the early days of the "higher education for women," a preparatory school for girls was a kind of experiment, frowned on by many and patronized only by the few. To-day it has become a necessary if a girl is to enter college or society properly equipped. The H. THANE MILLER SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, attractively located at Lenox Place, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio, offers a special advantage in that it prepares for foreign travel in connection with the regular studies of the curriculum. The advertisement in this issue gives the address, and other particulars will be furnished to any CRAFTSMAN reader who will ask for them.







A SKYSCRAPER OVER A THOUSAND YEARS  
OLD DISCOVERED DOWN IN YUCATAN